SEAN WILENTZ ON RICHARD HOFSTADTER | BLOOMBERG'S PRESIDENTIAL DREAMS

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Letting Go

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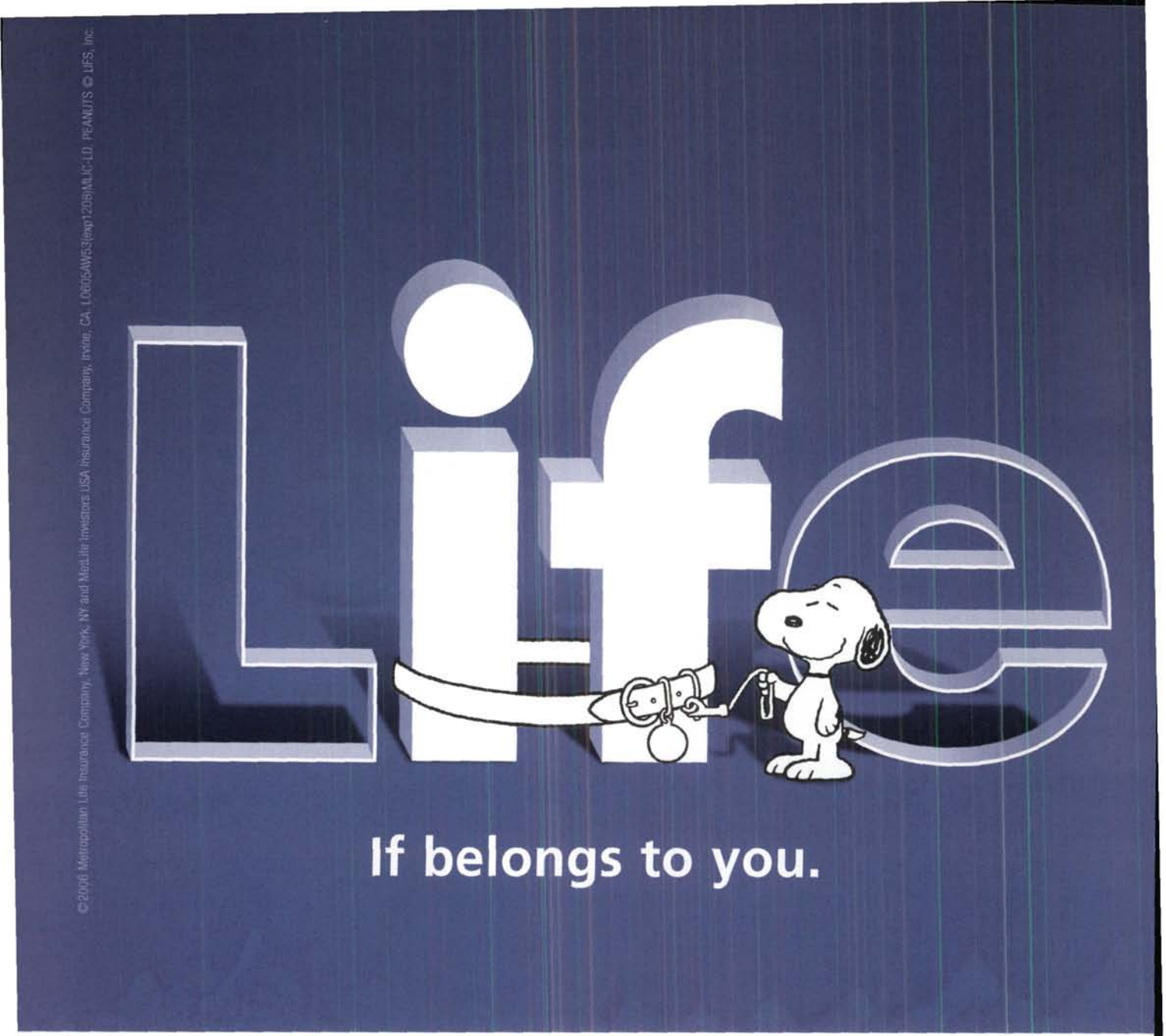

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CORRESPONDENCE

JUST THE FACTS?

GADI TAUB PARAPHRASES ISRAELI Prime Minister Ehud Olmert's explanation that Israel must undertake further unilateral withdrawals "to preserve its Jewish democratic character" ("Virtually Normal," May 29). But Israel is not confronting a choice between occupation and democracy. Israel has given away all of Gaza and 42 percent of Judea and Samaria. It is those areas relinquished by Israel to the Palestinian Authority (PA) where 98 percent of the Palestinians live. The other 58 percent of Judea and Samaria, which Israel controls, has few Palestinians and is largely uninhabited. There is little demographic benefit to further withdrawals, just as there was none from last year's Gaza withdrawal (wherein Israel withdrew from an area that was 80 percent Jewish). Unilateral withdrawals simply uproot thousands of Jews. They do not preserve Israel's Jewish majority. Instead of saving itself, Israel is endangering itself by handing territory over to Hamas and the PA, because this means bringing terrorists closer to Israel's heartland (not sparing Israelis from terrorist attacks, as can be seen by the rocket attacks from northern Gaza and the infiltration of Iranian and Al Qaeda terrorists into Gaza). Giving away vast tracts of Judea and Samaria will bring even worse results, endanger Israel's major population centers, and leave Israel with no remaining assets to leverage in any future negotiations.

MORTON A. KLEIN
National President
Zionist Organization of America
New York, New York

GADI TAUB RESPONDS:

There are difficult obstacles in a policy of unilateral withdrawal, and Ehud Olmert will have many arguments to answer. But Morton A. Klein's are not among them, since no attempt at stretching facts can plausibly go as far as his do. Klein's numbers are very strange: Saying about the Gaza disengagement that it was a withdrawal from an area that was "80 percent Jewish" is more than a bit misleading, unless one grants that 7,000 Jews are 80 percent of about 1.3 million Gaza inhabitants. The idea that Israel

"has given away" 42 percent of Judea and Samaria is based on the assumption that the Oslo process is still alive and well—and leading to the creation of a Palestinian state. But Oslo is no longer with us. The areas handed over to the PA are divided into tiny cantons—with entry and exit fully controlled by Israel's army (which, consequently, also controls transportation and commerce). Even die-hard spin doctors no longer use Klein's line. What led hawks like Olmert to give up on the occupation is that, if these cantons remain mere holes in a piece of Swiss cheese, then no amount of doctoring the numbers would do away with the fact that Jews will become a minority within Israel's borders. Lastly, I am always dismayed when anyone professing to be a Zionist is willing to make permanent a political arrangement with two kinds of citizens: those with and those without civil rights. Squaring Zionism—an ideology dedicated to the proposition that all peoples have a natural right to self-determination—with permanent military rule over the territories is as implausible as squaring the Declaration of Independence with slavery. At some point, one or the other has to give.

QUESTIONABLE INTELLIGENCE

I WOULD LIKE TO CORRECT SEVERAL of Spencer Ackerman's incorrect assertions concerning efforts by the Director of National Intelligence (DNI) to improve the Intelligence Community's (IC) analytic capabilities ("Under Analysis," May 29). Ackerman has it wrong when he says the DNI is refocusing the work of intelligence analysts toward short-term issues at the detriment of strategic analysis. On the contrary, the DNI has taken steps to bolster the IC's strategic analysis in response to recommendations from the WMD Commission and in accordance with the Intelligence Reform and Terrorism Prevention Act of 2004 (IRTPA).

Let me set the record straight. The DNI did not take the National Intelligence Council (NIC) away from the CIA and refocus its mission on short-term issues. The NIC, which was always an IC entity rather than part of the CIA, was placed under the DNI by the 2004 legislation. Although the NIC has been assigned new responsibilities, more National Intelligence Estimates were published in the year since DNI John Negroponte took over than in each of the previous two calendar years. The DNI, in fact, introduced a new product line—the National Intelligence Assessment—that examines high-priority strategic issues (like democratization) that have not been a traditional focus of intelligence work. As senior intelligence advisers and the bridge to policymakers, national intelligence officers will always have responsibility to take a step back and place events into a greater strategic context.

Further, the DNI has established a new "Long Range Analysis" unit within the NIC, in accordance with a recommendation made by the WMD Commission. This new unit is purposely walled off from current demands so that it can focus on producing integrated, in-depth,

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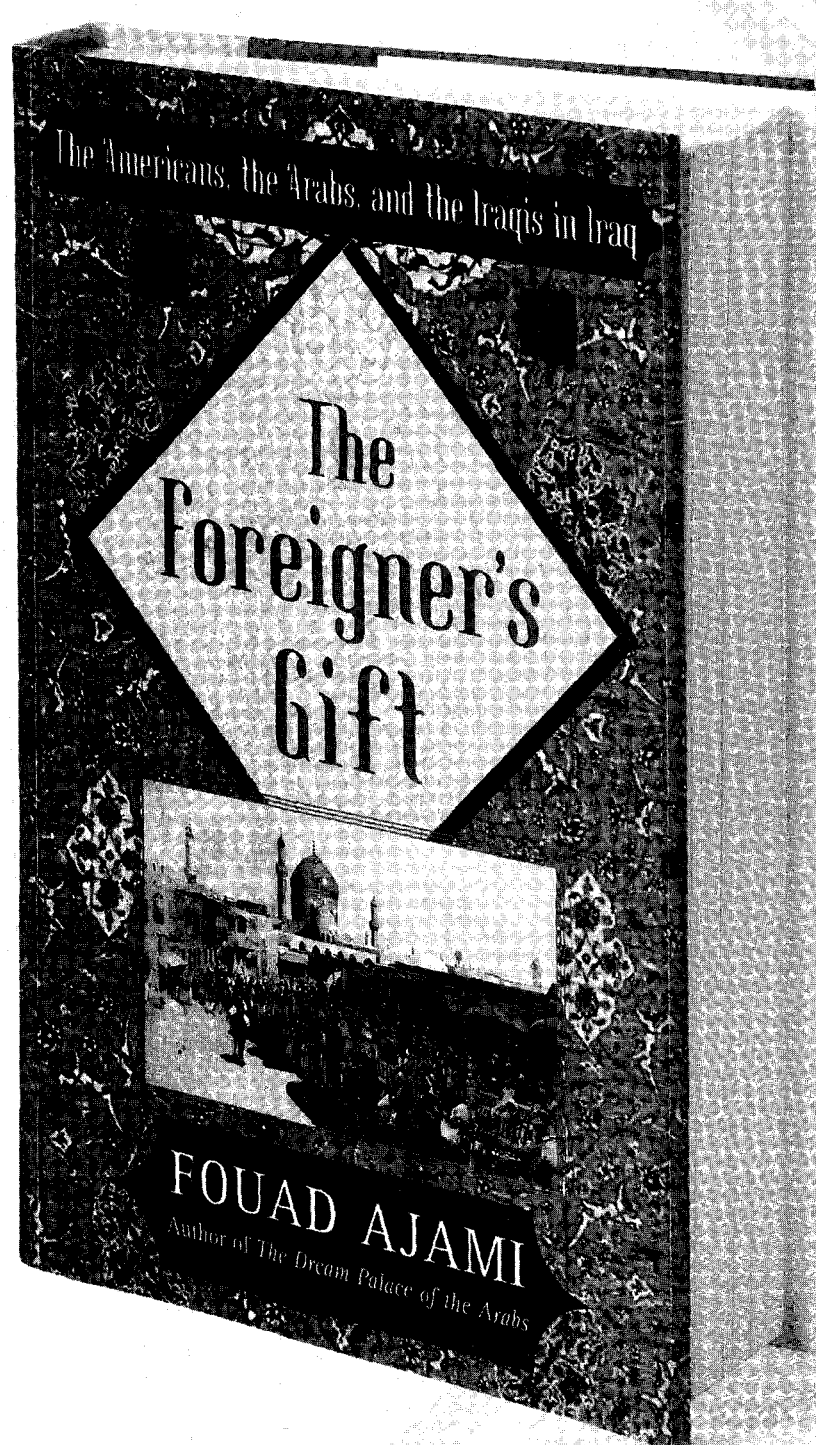

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Political Strategy

TRB FROM WASHINGTON

WHY DOESN'T GEORGE W. Bush want to win in Iraq? Seriously. The past several weeks have forced him to choose between two big goals: demonizing Democrats to help the GOP retain control of Congress and fostering a domestic climate that gives the new Iraqi government the best chance to survive. And, again and again, he has chosen door number one. This is what ex-Bush officials like Paul O'Neill and John DiIulio warned us about—and what Hurricane Katrina reaffirmed: that what matters in this administration is not policy, but politics. For all his talk about America's historical mission to defeat tyranny and spread freedom, there is only one mission to which George W. Bush has shown consistent devotion: winning elections. He acts less like the president than like the head of the Republican National Committee.

The situation in Iraq today is desperate but not hopeless. And, in the months to come, avoiding the abyss will require brutal compromises, not only in Baghdad, but in Washington—the kind that require support on both sides of the aisle. The good news is that the basic outlines of a deal to undermine the insurgency, break up the militias, and facilitate U.S. withdrawal are becoming clear. Sunni nationalist (as opposed to jihadist) insurgents seem increasingly willing to lay down their arms—if they are granted amnesty, the constitution is rewritten to accommodate their concerns, and U.S. troops leave. And, if Sunni insurgents stop massacring the Shia, then Shia militias may begin to disband.

That's the good news. The bad news is that envisioning the outlines of a final deal is a lot easier than achieving one. Ending the Iraq war will require agonizing concessions, not only from Shia, Sunnis, and Kurds—but from Americans as well. For starters, the United States will have to resist imposing a timetable for withdrawal, even though many Americans want one and many Democratic activists are demanding one. Such a plan must come from the Iraqi government, as part of a broader agreement with the Sunni insurgents and Shia militias. If the Iraqi government tells us to leave, it strengthens them—especially among the Sunnis who want us gone the most. But if *we tell them* we are leaving, it looks like a vote of no confidence in their ability to survive—which might embolden the Sunni insurgents to think they can win on the battlefield and, in turn, make the Shia militias dig in their heels.

For Americans, however, resisting a public withdrawal date is only the beginning. The truly gut-wrenching part will be looking the other way if Iraq's government allows insurgents who murdered heroic young Americans to go free. In blood-soaked societies, some kind of amnesty is crucial. Amnesties helped overcome the Islamist insurgency that ravaged Algeria in the 1990s, and they helped peacefully transfer power in South Africa, through the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. Like black South Africans who saw their families slaughtered under apartheid, some Iraqi Shia and Kurds who saw their families slaughtered by Saddam Hussein will have to accept a public acknowledgement of the truth but no full justice. And some grieving American families will have to as well. The United States can get Iraqi leaders to fudge this on paper. But, on the ground, an amnesty for some violent anti-U.S. insurgents may prove crucial to persuading Sunni nationalists to break with the foreign jihadists, lay down their arms, and give Iraq's new government a chance at life.

Swallowing these concessions will require a bipartisan bargain—the kind of ceasefire required for difficult domestic changes like reforming Social Security or the tax code. Were he interested in such a deal, Bush would have invited top Democrats into his office after the formation of Iraq's new government and the death of Abu Musab Al Zarqawi and said something like this. "If you resist a withdrawal plan so the Iraqis can announce their own, I'll bring you in on the negotiations. In fact, I'll replace Donald Rumsfeld with a secretary of defense that you trust—why don't you suggest a few names. And, if you don't demagogue this amnesty stuff, I'll tell Karl Rove and his henchmen to stop calling you cowardly defeatists. That might hurt me this November, since slandering Democrats is my best chance of luring Republicans to the polls. But I'm more interested in winning Iraq than winning Ohio. And, to do that, I need your help."

Of course, over the past several weeks, President Bush has done exactly the opposite. Rove and company immediately wielded Zarqawi's death as a partisan club, saying that, if Democrats had their way, he'd still be loose. Then the White House and congressional Republicans rigged a phony, vicious Iraq debate in Congress, which saw Republicans call the main Democratic Senate plan (which didn't include a strict withdrawal timetable) "cut and jog"—only to announce days later that the Bush administration was considering something similar itself. All of which made Democrats trying to decide what was best for the country—as opposed to merely their party—look like chumps. Partisan acrimony, already stratospheric before the Iraq debate, is now even worse. And, among Democrats, the likely result will be greater demands for a public timetable for withdrawal and louder denunciations of amnesty for insurgents. (In Tennessee, Democratic Senate hopeful Harold Ford is already running ads on the subject.) It's hard to serve the national interest when the president of the United States does not.

This has been the Democrats' dilemma all along. From the beginning, Bush has preferred the war on terrorism as a wedge issue to the war on terrorism as a unifying national cause. In 2002, he staged a fight on the Department of Homeland Security, when a bipartisan compromise could easily have been had. That fall, he told Congress he needed its support to disarm Iraq peacefully—when he was already intent on war. He has refused to seek congressional authorization for government surveillance, even though Congress would have given him most of what he wanted. In short, he has done everything in his power to alienate Democrats from an anti-jihadist struggle that, without their support, he cannot win. If Michael Moore did not exist, Bush would invent him.

Politics, of course, does not—and should not—end in times of war. But mendacious, blood-sport politics should. Instead, it has emanated from the highest office in the land. And, if we lose in Iraq, it will be a major reason why.

PETER BEINART

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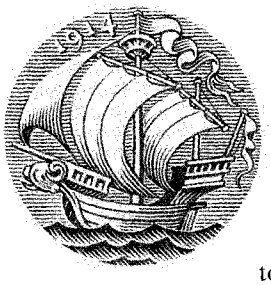
Rank Disloyalty

THERE IS SOMETHING a bit troubling about the Democrats' current obsession with discipline, as though there were no higher aspiration than matching the ruthless efficiency of the House Republicans. A political party is not the same as a Third World liberation movement. It ought to accommodate moments of dissent and occasional deviations from the party line without the forms of retribution that have recently taken hold in the liberal blogosphere.

But apostasy comes in gradations: There is heterodoxy, and then there is Montana Senator Max Baucus. Baucus isn't in the mold of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who flirted with reasonable ideas taboo among Democratic constituencies. He doesn't take quirky procedural stands, à la Russ Feingold. He's not even a Zell Miller–like figure who rhetorically strafes his party but does little substantive damage. What Baucus does is use his influence as the top Democrat on the Finance Committee to systematically undercut his party and enable George W. Bush's most egregious domestic legislation. So why does his party entrust him with so much responsibility?

We were reminded of this question during this month's estate-tax debate. On one side was the vast majority of Republicans, who kvetch about the cosmic unfairness of taxing the top 1 percent of family fortunes. On the other side was the vast majority of Democrats, who see the estate tax as a reasonable, if modest, curb on the excesses of dynastic wealth. And in the middle was Baucus, an opponent of the tax, pushing a last-minute compromise that would dramatically scale it back. Baucus says he was trying to make the best of a difficult situation, since the tax will be reined in one way or another. But his compromise doesn't merely split differences; its price tag is nearly 70 percent of the cost of outright repeal, according to the nonpartisan Tax Policy Center. And it reveals precisely why Baucus shouldn't be in such a sensitive position: He understands statesmanship strictly in terms of the size of the concession he makes; the more he concedes, the more Churchillian he thinks he is.

If you look closely enough at recent domestic policy debacles, you'll invariably see his fingerprints. Facing George W. Bush's massive tax-cut proposal in 2001, Baucus undermined the Senate Democrats' strategy of forcing concessions by maintaining a united front. In private negotiations with his GOP counterpart, Chuck Grassley, Baucus produced a bill that handed the White House virtually all of its top priorities. Afterward, he boasted that he'd done Democrats a favor, since they "would have been in trouble in 2002 just saying no to every one of the president's proposals." We shudder to think what might have happened had the Democrats been labeled "obstructionist."



Then there was the 2003 Medicare debate. Baucus, true to his method, agreed to a set of procedural conditions that undermined Democratic unity and preordained a disastrous outcome. Then he used the little authority he retained to—how to put it?—give away the store. In addition to agreeing to Health Savings Accounts—a gambit that he had once condemned as irresponsible—Baucus assented to a provision preventing Medicare from negotiating discounts with pharmaceutical manufacturers.

Baucus and his defenders—alternately known as his press office—make two arguments on his behalf. The first is that Baucus is simply doing what he needs to do to get reelected. (This argument usually masquerades behind the mantra of doing what's best for the "people of Montana.") But, unless the way to get ahead in Montana is to insist on overcharging Medicare patients by billions of dollars, the senator has been going far above and beyond the call of duty.

Baucus's second argument is that Democrats get substantively better legislation when he engages Republicans on their behalf. But this argument assumes the Bush administration has the votes to pass legislation without Democratic support. Often, it's Baucus who provides the margin of victory—either with his own vote or by crafting pseudo-compromises that provide cover for a small number of Democratic defectors. Indeed, the Democrats' only real victory of the last five years—stuffing the administration on Social Security—came after Harry Reid explicitly ordered Baucus not to negotiate with the White House.

Well, we'll do Reid one better and suggest he boot Baucus from the Finance Committee altogether. If we miss out on a few deals by not having Max Baucus at the table, that's a risk we're prepared to live with. ■

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New York Postcard

Third Way Out

BY BEN SMITH

On June 11, the shoe designer Stuart Weitzman held a $1,000-per-plate fund-raiser for the local Republican representative, Chris Shays, in the garden behind his Greenwich, Connecticut, home. The main attraction was Michael Bloomberg, the charisma-free media mogul who has emerged as a surprisingly popular mayor of New York; he strolled in with his girlfriend, Diana Taylor, who apologized smilingly that she hadn't worn Weitzman's shoes. But the mayor didn't disappoint. For weeks, he'd been publicly dismissing talk that he might run for president in 2008. At Weitzman's house, his denial took on a more coy tone. "Absolutely not," Bloomberg replied to a question about his presidential aspirations. "And anybody who's running will say exactly that."

This isn't the first time that Bloomberg has privately flirted with a 2008 bid. But what makes a Bloomberg candidacy look increasingly real is that he has also begun to think about the mechanics of running. New York p.r. eminence Howard Rubenstein recalls Bloomberg putting a price tag on his Oval Office ambition at a dinner party in April: "I could easily put up half a billion," the mayor had said, naming a figure over one-third higher than the Bush campaign's spending in 2004.

Perhaps it's no surprise that Bloomberg is making noises about a presidential run. In a heady, recovering city that the World Trade Center attack finally made part of the United States, who isn't? But, unlike Rudy Giuliani, Hillary Clinton, and George Pataki—and like another diminutive self-made billionaire—Bloomberg is thinking of running as an Independent. There's a case to be made that 2008 presents a rare, promising moment. Almost three-quarters of voters would, in theory, like a third-party alternative in the 2008 election, according to a new poll commissioned by Unity '08, a group that aims to create a bipartisan "unity ticket" though an online political convention. But, as Bloomberg steps into this Ross Perot moment, will the enthusiasms of Greenwich and the Upper East Side equal those of America?

The original source of the Bloomberg-for-president buzz is a soft-spoken 40-year-old deputy mayor named Kevin Sheekey. Sheekey has been Bloomberg's closest political adviser since the media mogul hired him away from Senator Pat Moynihan in 1997. One of that happy class of Irish-American operatives who never seem to be working terribly hard, yet always win, Sheekey earned Bloomberg's respect with a series of Washington coups, including seizing for Bloomberg LP host privileges of what had been the fabulous *Vanity Fair* White House Correspondents' Dinner after-party.

Soon after Bloomberg's reelection last fall (a monument of overkill in which Sheekey spent $84,587,319 of Bloomberg's money), Sheekey started telling reporters that he'd be seeing them in New Hampshire. At the time, the line was universally taken as a joke. But, since his reelection, the mayor began seeking platforms to take stands on national issues. In Baltimore, he pressed for stem-cell research and attacked "political science." Back home, he convened a national summit of mayors to press for tighter gun control. He laid out an immigration-reform proposal of his own in *The Wall Street Journal*, and, in Chicago, he denounced partisan squabbling, adding that "both ends of the political spectrum share the blame. And both seem unwilling to change."

Bloomberg has suggested that, if he runs, it would be on a new party line of his own creation. No cold days in Iowa, no small rooms in New Hampshire. He could afford, like Ross Perot, to set up a petition drive to secure ballot status in late 2007 after the Republican and Democratic candidates were clear. (Bloomberg is unlikely to run if John McCain, who supported him for mayor, becomes the Republican nominee.) Playing to his strengths as a technocrat, he would run on competence and nonpartisan management—the style, over the substance, of his politics.

In e-mail and telephone conversations (conducted, ironically, as he shuttled Democratic Party officials around the city to convince them to hold their 2008 convention here), Sheekey recently gamed out a third-party Bloomberg campaign. A Bloomberg bid, Sheekey explains, could come as the antidote if the candidate with the most appeal across party lines (McCain) has been taken out by the conservative wing of his own party and the Democrats nominate a certain someone with a well-known electability problem. "If John McCain gets beaten to the right—which is possible in a conservative Republican primary—and, if Democrats elect someone through a primary who Democrats generally view as unelectable, there's a large segment of the American electorate that is looking for something different, and that could be 36 percent of the vote in enough states to give you an electoral win," he says.

Bloomberg's friends—or at least the members of his East Side dinner-party set, who have enjoyed the city's economic resurgence—have been eager to convince the mayor that he has what it takes. "My wife asked a direct question to the mayor about him running for president," recalls Rubenstein of the dinner at his apartment in April. Around the table were the top executives of L'Oréal, Miramax, Pfizer, and Commerce Bank, along with Time Inc. Editor-in-Chief John Huey and News Corp chief Rupert Murdoch.

The mayor hedged, and "people around the table were saying, 'You know, it's a pretty good idea,' " says Rubenstein. "The people that I know, they would welcome his run."

Ben Smith is a political reporter for New York's Daily News.

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THE PEOPLE WHO study third parties, however, are skeptical that Bloomberg would resonate with the typical third-party voter—not a New Yorker who likes his mayor but a voter in Utah or Maine (the two states where Perot finished second) who is suspicious of her government. According to Ronald Rapoport and Walter Stone, authors of a new study of Perot's politics, *Three's a Crowd*, Perot's appeal came as much from his specific positions that had been abandoned by both parties—he was for a nationalistic cocktail of isolationism, libertarianism, budget-balancing, and rolling back free trade—as it did from his outsider, reformist stance. But the kind of third-party discussion that animates Manhattan dinner parties has, oddly, ignored the one issue that candidates actually have failed to address. "The issue of immigration is the issue on which a third party could form," Rapoport says. "The third party on immigration is the party which says, 'Send them back.'"

That's hardly Bloomberg's line. The nativism that helped animate Perot—not to mention his most successful recent predecessor, George Wallace—is precisely the opposite of what made Bloomberg a national figure in the first place: his global financial information business. Writing in *The Wall Street Journal* last month, Bloomberg called for immigration reform that gives "those already here the opportunity to earn permanent status and keep their families together, provided they pay appropriate penalties." And his political instincts on other national issues are very, well, New York. When Zacarias Moussaoui was sentenced to life imprisonment for terrorist plotting, Bloomberg was not among the Americans outraged that he hadn't been given the death penalty. Sounding presidential only by Upper West Side standards, he told reporters he hoped Moussaoui would spend his life in "as un-nice a jail as the law would allow."

"That's the Bloomberg predicament," says Rapoport. "He doesn't have any real issues." That is to say, Bloomberg's stances may be out of line with his Republican affiliation, but you don't have to leave the two-party system to find politicians who favor stem-cell research, free trade, abortion, gay rights, and gun control. They're called Democrats.

Sheekey insists that a Bloomberg bid could actually help the Democrats. "The truth is there hasn't been a Democratic candidate since Jimmy Carter who's won a presidential race with 50 percent of the vote," he says, arguing that almost anything that alters the electoral playing field is good for the Democrats. But the Democrats who have begun to pay attention to the emerging possibility of a Bloomberg bid are less sanguine, particularly those around Hillary Clinton. "It's insane," says Howard Wolfson, a Clinton adviser, who thinks Bloomberg couldn't win but could spoil. "He would end up doing a lot more damage to a Democrat than a Republican." Wolfson adds that he's starting to think Bloomberg may run.

Rapoport's candidate of choice, meanwhile, wouldn't do quite so well as Bloomberg on the Manhattan social circuit. "If you were going to ask me who represents the Perot voter," he says, "Lou Dobbs comes a lot closer than Bloomberg." ■

Big trouble in Iraq's Little China.

Bad Fortune

BY BAY FANG

JANUARY 2005

THE ROAD IS black and straight, and Lin Qiang cannot see the end of it. As he looks out the tinted windows of the hired GMC, Lin, a 39-year-old Chinese national with a crew cut and mild eyes, can see only desert stretching out to the horizon, flat and lifeless. This highway from Baghdad to Amman is known to be one of the deadliest in the country. It passes through the heartland of the insurgency—Ramadi, Falluja—before continuing for miles through the open desert. Drivers typically shoot through it in the middle of the night at breakneck speeds, preferring to risk dying in a car accident to something unimaginably worse.

The GMC races toward the Jordanian border, carrying a bounty of eight Chinese workers on their way home for the Lunar New Year holiday. They have been living in Iraq for the past year and a half, running a shop selling cheap electronic goods made in China. Although they are optimistic about their adopted country, the last few months have been difficult for all of them, and they are ready for a break. They sit with their legs folded under them, in the Chinese peasant style, chattering about home. Zhou Sunqin, the youngest at just 18, dreams aloud about his mother's cooking. Lin worries about seeing his wife after so long. The Iraqi driver, whom they have used before, stares quietly at the road ahead.

Suddenly, the driver looks in the rearview mirror. He veers off the highway into a gas station. Lin's head jerks up. From behind, a bus and two sedans roar up and screech to a halt around them. A dozen men dressed in traditional Arab tunics jump out, waving guns and yelling. They are not masked, and in reading their faces, twisted with hatred, Lin sees death.

JULY 2004

LIN SITS IN his storefront on Sadoun Street in Baghdad, in a white undershirt, smoking unfiltered cigarettes. His countrymen are sprawled on straw mats beneath a creaking ceiling fan that ekes out a thin breeze, surrounded by stacks of televisions, DVD players, and plastic sandals piled on a metal bed frame with no mattress. Above the door is a banner that says CHINA TRADE SHOP in English and Chinese. Lin has been in Baghdad for a year, trying to make his fortune, when our paths cross that summer. I notice the sign while driving by and stop in to in-

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vestigate. So far, the country is all he has wished for. "They don't know quality yet in Iraq," he says, smiling wryly. "In China, no one will buy a 21-inch TV—everyone wants 25-inch or bigger. We counted our profits in pennies. Here, 21-inch TVs are all the rage."

An Iraqi man wanders in off the street and gestures at a rosewood chair set, which Lin and his colleagues have made in China and then shipped to Baghdad, where they apply the varnish. In broken Arabic, Lin tells him his price and that it will take seven days to deliver. The man shakes his head and tries to bargain, but Lin pretends he doesn't understand, and the man gives up and leaves. "He'll come back," says Lin. "They always do."

The sight of Chinese entrepreneurs in Baghdad is surprising at first—and seemingly incongruous. But they are settlers, and, in their own quiet, opportunistic way, they are as responsible for driving change around the world as the American soldiers who patrol their street in armored fighting vehicles. Rather than exporting democracy and liberal ideologies, though, the Chinese are stalwart pioneers of global capitalism. Even the shabbiest backwater of a developing country has a Chinese restaurant and televisions that are made in China. They troop into slums and war zones, armed only with cheap goods and services, an entrepreneurial spirit, and the sheer determination to make life normal in the most dire of circumstances.

One flight of concrete steps above the China Trade Shop are two adjoining rooms, where Lin and 15 other Chinese men live. Sleeping mats cover the floor, and thin polyester pants and shirts hang from rusted nails. On a little stove in the corner, a pot of rice simmers, and a skinny, bare-chested Chinese man pours tea into a metal cup, looking as at home as if he were in provincial China. The door is open, and a few Iraqis who live in neighboring apartments wander the hall in their underwear.

This group of migrants comes from an area of Fujian, a coastal province across the strait from Taiwan. Their region, near the provincial capital, is one of the most prosperous parts of China, though it has little agriculture and almost no industry—much of the money that pays for the shiny new tiled houses that line the major roads comes instead from its export of people. The majority of Chinese restaurant workers in the United States are from this corner of China, and snakeheads—human smugglers—are more active here than anywhere else. Like most of their neighbors, Lin and his crew left voluntarily, in search of what was once known as the American Dream but could now more accurately be called the Chinese Dream. "We heard Bush and Blair on the radio after the war saying they'd rebuild Iraq and make it into a free and stable country, and we thought, 'This is what we do!' " says Lin. "We were just scraping by in Fujian, and we thought there would be more opportunities here. ... I hope a lot of Chinese people come. It's just like China in the '80s now; we need Chinese people to develop it."

They came in a few waves, through word of mouth, getting a "business exploration" visa, flying to Amman, and taking a $30 minibus ride across the desert to Baghdad. It is unclear how much help they got from smugglers in leaving China, but, when they got to Jordan, they were on their own. When Lin was crossing the border, he says, the Iraqi guard asked for a bribe. "I didn't speak Arabic," he laughs, "so I gave him half a bottle of water, and he waved us through." Once in the capital, they were immediately folded into the small—but rapidly growing—Chinese community.

The Chinese Embassy in Baghdad says that, as of July 2004, there are only 30-some of its citizens in Iraq, but restaurateur Chen Xian-zhong estimates that there are more than 100 Chinese here, and he counts them off on his stubby fingers. Thirteen Fujianese. Thirteen in the embassy. Three from Xinhua, the state-run news service. Sundry merchants from Zhejiang selling shoes and makeup. And 24 or 25 in the Green Zone—including the proprietors of two competing Chinese restaurants next door to each other, nicknamed by acronym-mad American soldiers as CRF and CRB—"Chinese Restaurant Front" and "Chinese Restaurant Back." Chen knows them all, and they all know him. The thickset 51-year-old is commonly called "Abu Fady." He is not only "the father of Fady," but also the honorary patriarch of the Chinese diaspora in Iraq.

Chen, an Arabic studies major at Beijing University, first came to Iraq in 1984. He taught for two years, then worked as a translator, an engineer, and finally as the representative of China's military trading conglomerate under the Oil-for-Food program. He left Iraq three days before the U.S. bombing began and returned two weeks after the fall of Baghdad, where he opened Dragon Bay, the city's first real Chinese restaurant. That summer, I frequent his restaurant, ordering authentically spicy chicken with Sichuan peppercorns as a welcome respite from kebabs. The waitresses are all fresh off the boat from rural China, speaking Chinese with heavy regional accents, and they stay cloistered in the restaurant, with its cheap hanging lanterns and empty banquet tables. Chen paid for their plane tickets, visas, clothing, and makeup.

The Chinese diaspora is one of the largest in the world, with an estimated 33 million people of Chinese origin living outside mainland China. They spread across the globe for the most basic of reasons: money. And, often, the best money is made in places where others fear to tread. After the Taliban left Afghanistan in 2001, one of the first enterprises to move in was a Chinese restaurant serving barbecued pork—with waitresses in miniskirts. In Iraq, before the first Gulf war, there were 50,000 Chinese, according to Chen. During the war, however, 30,000 left. "But, wherever there are people, you'll find Chinese," he says. "Chinese people like to gamble. That's what I'm doing now—betting on the future."

The Chinese Embassy in Baghdad, worried about kidnappings and diplomatic incidents, strongly dissuades people from making this bet. "But there are tens of thousands who want to come and do business here," says Chen. Like Lin Qiang, he is optimistic about the future. "For anyone, anywhere, Iraq is the best market right now," he says. "Iraq is the last piece of cake in the world, and it has yet to be sliced."

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Baghdad in July 2004 seems to reflect Abu Fady's optimism. A month after the transfer of sovereignty, the city feels safer than it has for a while. Though there has been a spate of kidnappings of foreigners, it still seems reasonable to ride in an unarmored car, walk on the streets, and talk to regular Iraqis. On one blazingly hot day, my driver drops me off in front of the China Trade Shop, and, when I walk in, Lin and some of the other men are eating sunflower seeds around a folding Chinese card table. They run next door and bring me a cold can of Pepsi. We chat about the kidnappings, but this violence does not faze them. They teach me the Chinese word for kidnapping with intent (*bang jia*), which is different from incidental abduction, or hijacking (*jie chi*). A DVD of *Passion of the Christ* is playing on one television, sans subtitles. They can't understand it, but they don't really care. Instead, they talk about Zhou Sunqin, their youngest member. He has round eyes and a face filled out with baby fat. "The Iraqis joke that he's just the right age to join the army!" says another man named Lin Zhong, who speaks with a barely comprehensible Fujianese accent and lolls shirtless on the straw mat. "But he's thinking of converting and finding an Iraqi wife."

As the Americans struggle to bridge their own culture gap with the Iraqis, the Chinese seem to co-exist with them effortlessly. There is a universal appeal to what they represent—the desire to make a living, to do good by their families. Unlike the Americans, there is nothing ideological about the presence of these Chinese. They act exactly the way they do anywhere else in the world, imposing nothing but their belief in the right to make a buck. But this raw capitalism is itself a force of change—one that seems to have a decent chance of bringing Iraq into the global village. Their next-door neighbor, an Iraqi shopkeeper, wanders in with a glass of tea in his hand. "Marhaba!" he says loudly. "Chai? Tea? Tea?" Lin answers with a faltering "Marhaba," and they exchange smiles and vague gestures before the neighbor leaves again, glass of tea still in his hand. "We Chinese can be at home anywhere," says Lin. "We stay, we bring our sons here, and they stay. When the grandsons come, the sons go back. ... When you come back in three, five years, we'll still be here."

Lin Qiang (foreground) and Zhou Sunqin on the roof of Lin's house in Ao Dong, China, in March 2005.

DAVID BUTOW/REDUX

BUT THEY DID not stay. Later that summer, after I left, a massive bomb exploded on their street, catapulting body parts into the shop and leaving a large crater. Lin and the others were shocked but happy to be alive and not ready to give up on Iraq. When they were offered an opportunity to work for a Chinese construction company in Najaf, they decided to sell off the remaining goods in the store and leave Baghdad. They stayed down south for three months, and, at the beginning of 2005, they decided to go back to Baghdad and try to open another shop.

But things had changed. In December, the seemingly irrepressible Abu Fady had closed Dragon Bay and sent the waitstaff home. The war had intensified, and regular Iraqis had become radicalized by the conduct of the U.S. forces, anti-foreign propaganda, and the experience of occupation. The Iraqis no longer saw the Chinese as neutral purveyors of cheap televisions but as foreign interlopers. Lin noticed that people on the street who once paid them no heed now stared at them. In some instances, they even drew a line slowly across their throats. A few times, the Chinese were followed. They stopped going out at night. And, soon after, they decided to go back home for Chinese New Year, regroup, and return when the violence subsided.

The GMC was not too far from Baghdad on January 11, when the driver pulled into the gas station and the Arab men swarmed their car, yanked open the doors, and dragged them out. Yelling in Arabic, they pointed their guns at the eight Chinese men and made them lie face down on the ground. The Arabs patted them down and emptied their pockets, then forced them into the other cars—stuffing the 18-year-old Zhou in the trunk—and drove them to a house in the middle of the desert.

There was nothing around this house, just a few vegetables planted outside. That first night, the kidnappers blindfolded Lin and two others and moved them to another location, where they tied their wrists and ankles. Lin remembers feeling almost relaxed, resigned that he was going to be killed. The second night, their captors put a knife to their throats, whipped them with engine belts, and asked them questions in Arabic that they guessed had to do with whether they were working with the Amer-

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icans. Then they were allowed to rejoin the others. They were given bread, tap water, and blankets to sleep on the floor. Twice, they were taken out to a courtyard, where they saw scraps of torn clothing, to be photographed. "We talked about running away, but we didn't know where we were," says Lin. "We were just waiting to die."

On January 19, the Foreign Ministry in Beijing sent out three officials to negotiate their release. This same scenario had played out repeatedly over the previous few months, as over 70 foreigners were kidnapped and different countries' governments responded in different ways. A Filipino truck driver was kidnapped, and the Philippine government agreed to withdraw its 51 peacekeepers from Iraq to free him. Two Pakistanis working for a Kuwaiti firm were killed, their executioners claimed, because Pakistan was considering sending troops into Iraq. And many more workers of different nationalities were still being held, with the demand that their companies cease operations in Iraq.

Lin's abductors, a group calling itself the Islamic Resistance Movement, viewed the Chinese as just another example of foreigners whose work—however selfishly motivated—indirectly contributed to the success of the American experiment. The kidnappers insisted that they would kill Lin and his crew within 48 hours unless China declared that its nationals would no longer work with the coalition. Chinese officials countered by saying they would ensure that no more Chinese came to Iraq. In the end, that was deemed sufficient. On January 23, at 3 p.m., the door of the house opened, and Lin and the others were led out, in a daze, to the highway. They waited there until another car picked them up and drove them to a mosque, and it was there that they were handed over to Chinese officials. In Baghdad, they were met by the ambassador and treated like VIPs, then given first-class tickets to fly home.

March 2005

A SURPRISINGLY SMOOTH paved road runs down the middle of Pingtan island, dead-ending in Ao Dong village, where Lin Qiang and three of his Baghdad crew are from. My taxi driver is of the honk-your-way-through-traffic variety, all too common in rural China. He points out all the newly built pink and maroon tiled houses, with smoky glass windows and tiled balconies.

In the past, before the coastline developed, there was a state-owned enterprise here selling household appliances, and the town was known for it. But, now, you can get the same appliances anywhere. The island's chief export—after its people—is sand from its stone quarries, which Japan uses for making glass. After the Chinese New Year, almost everyone of working age scatters—some to other cities, some to other countries—leaving behind women, children, and the elderly.

Ao Dong is a hamlet of a few dusty streets lined with stone rowhouses built in the last ten years. Lin's house has a view of the mountains and red New Year's posters still on the door. Green felt lines the walls, and plastic grapes hang from the ceiling, betraying its past as a karaoke hall. His wife, who has stringy black hair and a drawn face, is painstakingly sticking white Styrofoam beads onto the heads of pins to earn a little money making fake flowers. His 14-year-old son, wearing a tracksuit and a crew cut like his dad's, runs into the house, dumps his backpack, and runs out again. "He's smart," says Lin. "I hope he can study overseas someday."

The Communist government has always had a complex view of their citizens' expansive instincts. When it first came to power in the 1950s, it closed the country's borders to international migration, viewing emigration as an act of treason. Now, however, every citizen has the right to apply for a passport, and local governments actually see the benefit of maintaining ties with their overseas communities, which are traditionally the biggest investors. But in high-profile cases—which have the potential to bring shame upon the motherland—Beijing is quick to crack down. In April 2004, seven Chinese from Lin's region were kidnapped in Falluja as they entered Iraq for the first time. The Chinese government bailed them out within 36 hours and, though they asked to stay, sent them home the following week.

A similar fate has befallen Lin and his workers. Just after they were liberated, the returned Fujianese were essentially made into hostages again—this time by their own government. Beijing, which had not sent troops to Iraq, was alarmed that regular Chinese were going on their own to the war zone and decided to clamp down on its overly adventurous citizens. The instant Lin and his townsmen touched down on Chinese soil, the government took away their passports. Lin Zhong, who had been one of the first of the group to go to Iraq, was thrown in jail. "They made an excuse that he had spent some money that another guy gave him for a plane ticket, but they really just wanted to keep people from copying us," Lin Qiang explains. The state-run press put out reports portraying the group as having been smuggled to Iraq and forced into labor. Since their return, without explanation, none of the residents of Ao Dong who have applied for passports (a prerequisite for leaving the country) have had their applications accepted, Lin says.

He and his buddies hang out in a friend's fertilizer store, playing mahjong and smoking cigarettes. Men in faux leather jackets loiter on motorbikes in front of the shop on the street corner, waiting for passengers. Lin has been helping out with the fertilizer business, but he is restless and dissatisfied. In Iraq, he could sometimes send back $1,250 per month. Here, he earns a fraction of that, if he's lucky. "I have no goal now. I don't know what to do. I don't want to go back to my work unit. I've been overseas; I've opened a business. ... Now, going back to my old life would be boring," he says. "If they hadn't taken our passports, I would go back to Iraq—but maybe wait until a government was established, with laws and stuff."

Some of the others in the group came back to Pingtan but then left for other parts of China. One is a construction

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manager for a tunnel project in Zhejiang, a coastal boom province near Shanghai. Another is in Beijing, doing sundry contracting jobs. Zhou Sunqin, who is now 19, remains. His parents are both hairdressers, and, before he left for Iraq, that was what he was studying to do as well. But, since he got back, he has been trying to break out of the family business by learning how to build using tiles, so he can get into construction work. He has one Iraqi friend, Alam, with whom he still keeps in touch. "Alam told me to leave Iraq, but I never thought it was so bad," says Zhou. "Now, if given the chance, I would like to leave China again, but maybe not back to Iraq—I might try America next."

Three years after the end of major hostilities and three years after the Chinese first responded to the pronouncements of Bush and Blair on the radio, Iraq is stuck in the middle of an increasingly insular sectarian war. The focus is no longer the occupation; though American soldiers are still being targeted, the majority of the violence is visited by Iraqis on Iraqis. It is not just the U.S. export of liberal ideology that failed to take root in the country, but the very concept of modern capitalism, which was China's export. Once upon a time, these Chinese workers thought they were simply the vanguard of a regular, working, foreign presence in Iraq, whose very will to introduce a market economy might bring about a semblance of normalcy. But the pioneers have been turned back, and, for now, it seems no more are coming.

When I get into the taxi to drive back to my hotel, Lin Qiang waves goodbye and puts a hand on his heart, Iraqi style. ■

Information is the best medicine.

Doctor Know

BY MICHAEL E. PORTER AND ELIZABETH OLMSTED TEISBERG

STROKES ARE THE leading cause of long-term disability in the United States and the third-most common cause of death. It is also extremely costly: Conservative estimates suggest it costs the nation almost $58 billion per year. Successful recovery depends partly on luck, of course. But it also depends significantly on how and where care is delivered.

Treatment for strokes varies markedly from one hospital to another due to different professional opinions as well as different capabilities and equipment. Nationally, less than 5 percent of ischemic stroke patients are given intravenous drugs to clear the blocked blood vessel in the brain. But some hospitals treat up to 15 percent of such patients with this approach. Even for large ischemic strokes, which account for most of the costs, some hospitals do little to intervene. Others use mechanical intervention via a catheter in the brain or a drug delivered via a catheter directly to the clot.

Not only do the hospitals' methods vary widely, so do their results. A patient with the same condition could fully recover if treated in one hospital and not survive if treated in another. But emergency medical technicians don't consider this information when taking stroke victims to the hospital. Instead, they are often required to take every stroke victim to the nearest hospital. Why? Because, in most states, nobody collects and disseminates information about which hospitals achieve the best results.

In a normal functioning market, producers of a good or providers of a service compete on results—their ability to provide the highest quality at the lowest prices. Excellent competitors prosper and grow, weaker rivals are restructured or go out of business. Value—the quality received per dollar spent—increases. Health care could not be more different. Most people have better information about their restaurants, cars, and sellers on eBay than they do about their medical care. And the information that is available—health plan ratings, subscriber satisfaction surveys, and rankings based on doctor or hospital reputation—do not really measure health outcomes. Even the most basic data, such as how many patients with a particular diagnosis a hospital or physician group has treated, is rarely available.

U.S. News & World Report makes a start with its annual rankings of hospitals. But, just to be considered in twelve specialty areas, hospitals must offer broad service lines and have a wide array of equipment and facilities, be affiliated with a medical school, or be a member of the Council of Teaching Hospitals. These criteria exclude many specialty hospitals and community hospitals. This whole approach reinforces the bias that community hospitals are not as good. Yet studies reveal that, for some medical conditions, community hospitals often achieve equal or better outcomes—and at lower costs—than teaching hospitals.

Without true results-measurement, doctors, hospitals, and health systems have traditionally competed in unproductive ways—shifting costs to others, attempting to accumulate bargaining leverage with insurance companies, or restricting services. This has eroded quality, fostered inefficiency, and driven up administrative costs. Fortunately, we can fix this. The key lies in redefining the nature of health care competition. And the first step is measuring results, so the power of competition will be directed at driving dramatic improvements in the value of health care.

IN THE LAST few years, government and the business community—the two largest purchasers of health care—have tried to improve quality by compiling and publishing information about whether doctors and hospitals comply with established treatment guidelines. Some guidelines are generic, such as whether hospitals use computerized order entries (to reduce errors) and have proce-

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dures in place to control infections. Some guidelines apply to particular medical conditions, such as whether a hospital administers aspirin to a patient arriving with a heart attack.

Practice standards make sense, to a point: Appropriate practice will reduce the high rates of medical errors and inappropriate care. But process-compliance is not the same as high quality. Different providers using the same processes achieve very different results, because guidelines cover only some aspects of care. Good medical practice requires adjustments to address each patient's particular circumstances. Also, it is difficult to keep process guidelines up to date with the latest medical knowledge, since adopting new guidelines often depends on developing consensus among experts, which happens slowly. Ironically, too much attention to process-compliance can actually impede innovation rather than encourage it.

Results are what really matter. But measuring results isn't as simple as tracking death rates. In spine care, for example, it's important to measure pain reduction, improvement in range of movement, functional ability, and the time between the beginning of care and the return to work or restoration of normal activity. Outcome measures should also cover the full cycle of care, not just individual interventions: It is important to know the combined results of surgery and physical therapy, because the two together drive patient outcomes and insight about how to improve care. Only by measuring results over the full cycle of care is it possible to track complications leading to high rates of repeat surgery or re-hospitalization.

To be meaningful, outcome measures must also be adjusted for risk: If a hospital takes on the hardest cases, its results will be affected. And there must be a major role for experts. Doctors and medical societies should participate in defining measures; experts should also be able to check and correct the accuracy of data before (and after) it is published.

The feasibility of measuring results and their impact is not in doubt. There is extensive outcome data, for example, about organ transplants. In 1984, Congress responded to widespread concern over the fairness of organ allocation by establishing the Organ Procurement and Transplantation Network. The Network is operated under federal contract by the United Network for Organ Sharing (UNOS), a nonprofit organization. Hospitals that receive organs must report data, so reporting is effectively mandatory. The data is national, includes all providers, and goes beyond the sum of individual hospitals' reports. UNOS keeps track of whether each patient ends up needing re-transplantation (of the same organ) at another institution, even if the original provider is not aware of the repeat surgery. The registry of transplant data now contains information on over 371,000 transplant recipients.

The transplant outcome data is publicly available on the Web, sorted by organ type and by patient age, gender, ethnicity, and blood type. UNOS adjusts these results for risk and presents the information in clear and well-annotated charts. For each transplant center, it is possible to calculate how long its patients live—and how long the organs it transplants typically last. Although many patients still need help interpreting the information, and although not all referring doctors use the data, the transplant surgery teams are well-aware of where they stand—and how they stack up against teams at other centers. Not coincidentally, performance in transplants has continued to improve, including successful transplants in sicker patients.

Public outcome data has also driven dramatic improvement in heart surgery. The state of New York reports outcome data for coronary artery bypass graft (CABG) procedures. A group of cardiothoracic surgical experts devised the measures, along with methods to adjust them for patient circumstances. The program publicly reports risk-adjusted mortality rates of CABG procedures by hospital and by surgeon. In the first four years of New York's reporting program, deaths from cardiac surgery fell by 41 percent. While many patients and referring doctors stuck in the old mindset do not use the data, even uninformed patients benefited from the significant outcome improvement. Moreover, the Society of Thoracic Surgeons (STS) was motivated by the public reporting to collect and improve outcome measurement for many types of heart surgery. Superb outcomes determine which methods are taught to other surgeons at STS meetings. While the STS data is not public, even uninformed patients benefit, once again, by the innovations in care enabled by measuring and analyzing outcomes.

MEASURING RESULTS IS the single-most important step in transforming health care, not only in the United States, but in other countries, too. So what's standing in the way of developing more such measures? Some providers have resisted outcome reporting, which means that mandatory reporting might be necessary. Government needs to ensure the establishment of a structure to collect and publish information about medical conditions, the way UNOS does for transplants. Another impediment has been the fear, by insurers, among others, that publicizing outcome measures would lead patients to demand care from the most expensive doctors and hospitals. But, by and large, the best health care providers are the most efficient. They make fewer errors and enable faster recovery and less long-term disability. They also tend to manage diseases better, so that fewer patients have full-blown, acute crises. And this, ultimately, is the mindset that should define our health care system: Better health outcomes do not have to cost more money. On the contrary, they may end up costing less. ■

Michael E. Porter is the Bishop William Lawrence university professor at Harvard Business School. Elizabeth Olmsted Teisberg is associate professor of business administration at the University of Virginia's Darden School of Business. This article is adapted from their book, REDEFINING HEALTH CARE: CREATING VALUE-BASED COMPETITION ON RESULTS.

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At the end of the war, the army digs in.

Letting Go

BY LAWRENCE F. KAPLAN

BAGHDAD, IRAQ

AT DAWN, THE sky over Baghdad turns red for a few minutes before sunlight breaks through the dust. Combat engineers have been clearing IEDs from the streets of Amiriyah since 3 a.m., but the 500 American soldiers about to descend on the western Baghdad neighborhood wait for the sun. Just as it rises, Apache helicopter gunships arrive overhead, and, in the blinding light above them, two F-15 attack aircraft begin circling in a wide arc. The radio chatter quickens as the Bradley Fighting Vehicles on the ground and the aviation units above check in with one another. Operation United Front commences.

The operation's planners intend to cordon off Amiriyah as two battalions from the 10th Mountain Division's First Brigade Combat Team (1–10 Mtn), along with 700 Iraqi soldiers and police, hunt for insurgents and weapons caches. As a U.S. foot patrol navigates its way through garbage-filled alleys, the residents of Amiriyah, which has become a dumping ground for headless bodies, emerge from their houses to plead for the soldiers to stay. Without the Americans, they say, it's too dangerous even to take out their trash. "This is a real bad area," Captain Michael Fortenberry says. "There's a lot of former Baathists, IEDs, sniper attacks." After searching a block of houses, the soldiers return to their Humvees, which proceed down an avenue lined with shrapnel-scarred buildings. Gunners swivel their turrets as the column passes a corner lot strewn with junk and, eerily, a rusted Ferris wheel. A flare dropped from an Apache floats down beside it like a Roman candle. American soldiers have died in its shadow, and, tomorrow, an IED planted here will wound several more. Tonight, American snipers return under cover of darkness to the Ferris wheel, where, after a short wait, they kill two men planting more bombs.

U.S. forces patrolled Amiriyah last year, the year before that, and the year before that. Today, many of them know the neighborhood as well as they know their own. They also know what will come when they depart, which 1–10 Mtn will do in a few weeks, with no one coming to replace it. "Many Iraqis feel more comfortable with a U.S. presence," says the 1–10 Mtn commander, Colonel Jeffrey Snow. "I think we are the buffer here." In Washington, however, it's 1971 all over again—after support for the war in Vietnam collapsed and not long before America's efforts to salvage it did. Neatly summarizing prevailing wisdom, Democratic campaign adviser Robert Shrum recently told *The Washington Post*, "The war in Iraq is over except for the dying." For all its testimonials to American resolve, the Bush administration can barely wait to devise the fig leaf that will permit the United States to withdraw. Quietly, but inexorably, the administration is "moving in the direction of downsizing our forces," as American Ambassador to Iraq Zalmay Khalilzad has put it, having already cut troop levels to 127,000 with a plan to cut another 7,000 this summer.

So how do the Armed Forces feel about fighting a war that is "over except for the dying"? Responding to strategic rather than political imperatives, they operate at the same frenetic pace they always have. Anything less, commanders say, and the country would collapse around them. In a fine bit of solidarity with the soldiers dying there, Senate Minority Leader Harry Reid calls Iraq "George Bush's war." Actually, it's now the U.S. Army's war. As its sense of ownership grows deeper with each year it spends here, the Army has created its own universe in Iraq—an ecosystem with its own values, requirements, and purposes. The din of politicians speechifying about the war, the faux moral posturing of opinion-makers who claim to speak in the name of "the troops," everything that Iraq has come to represent in the American imagination—it all melts away in the 115-degree heat. What's left is the machinery of a war that, having been called into being by civilians, no longer bears a relation to anything they say.

THE ANATOMY OF this universe, as much as anything that happens in it, points to an essential truth about the Iraq war: It has a momentum of its own. This much becomes clear even in Kuwait, where, at a desert air base, hundreds of soldiers line up in front of signs announcing flights to Speicher, Q-West, and other bases in Iraq. It is after midnight, but, from the other side of the base, the golden arches of McDonald's still glow in the sky. "When it gets built up like this, it's the surest sign you're going to lose," a contractor who served in Vietnam tells me, alluding to the wasted years that must elapse before this sort of infrastructure can come into being.

Never much to look at in the first place, Kuwait has been fully transformed into a supply depot. Here, amid a bleached landscape of sand and concrete known as Camp Arifjan, lies the nerve center of the U.S. staging operation. At his office in one of Arifjan's stadium-sized warehouses, Colonel Ross Campbell keeps an eye on a monitor tracking

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supply convoys as they move north through Iraq. The quantification of the U.S. enterprise in Iraq has few limits, and, knowing his figures by heart, Campbell ticks them off: over 800,000 personnel moved in and out of Iraq since 2003 and as many as 3,000 supply trucks on the road every day.

Outside, hundreds of them idle in the noonday heat, their South Asian drivers sleeping in bullet-raked cabs. In convoys of 30, they will head north to the border, crossing near the Iraqi town of Safwan for the 400-mile run up Main Supply Route (MSR) Tampa to Baghdad. Safwan, whose residents welcome the trucks with volleys of rocks, offers a fitting portal into Iraq. In response, the military has contracted to build an entry point farther to the west, at a site called K Crossing, and a new highway through the Iraqi desert to go with it. Whatever guides the invisible hand behind all this, it isn't the logic of withdrawal.

At the border, where supply trucks line up night and day, Army gun trucks join the convoys for the trip into Iraq. Helicopter gunships fly the length of MSR Tampa scouting for ambush sites, but the convoys still get attacked two or three times a week. Bad driving claims lives, too. Many of the Bangladeshis and Sri Lankans driving the supply trucks speak not a word of English, relying instead on cue cards that U.S. soldiers wave at them. At night, near Baghdad, you can watch them careening down the road in clouds of dust, only their headlights visible.

When the trucks reach their bases in Iraq, the Army takes over. After flying from Kuwait to Baghdad, I head to Camp Liberty, where 1–10 Mtn's supply battalion prepares to head into the city with a load of concrete barriers for a checkpoint. The barriers come not from Kuwait but from the base itself, where the Americans have opened their own cement plant. Baghdad is rapidly disappearing behind a maze of blast walls, and the cement keeps coming: In the heat, men from the battalion clean the guns on their Humvees and swat away mosquitoes before delivering more of it.

WHAT THE *POST* describes as the "small-town feel" of Forward Operating Bases (FOBs) in Iraq has been well-chronicled, but, with its traffic jams and sun-baked day laborers, Baghdad's Victory Base Complex feels more like Phoenix. The complex spans roughly 25 square miles and houses 35,000 Americans. A Goodyear-sized blimp with instruments to monitor the area floats above it, tethered to Baghdad Airport. The blimp, an essential part of the Baghdad landscape, has had its share of problems. Army helicopters keep clipping its ground wire, and it once floated as far as the Iranian border, where U.S. forces shot it down.

Victory, which rings the airport and borders Abu Ghraib to the west, actually consists of several smaller bases. Like a stop-motion film of a plant growing, I've watched the largest of these, Camp Liberty, expand and its comforts multiply since 2004. Liberty was constructed on the grounds of one of Saddam Hussein's hunting preserves, and the base's most notable landmark, "Signal Hill"—a huge dirt rise with antennae and counter-fire radar at the top—was his shooting platform. Among the hunting aficionados here, word spreads whenever one of the dictator's imported African deer ambles by. He also stocked the man-made lakes from which Signal Hill was dredged, and, according to a contractor wearing a fly-fishing vest, Saddam chose fish poorly (carp won't respond to his lures). The lakes do serve a function, however. The Army just opened a water-bottling plant here, which can turn muck into half a million liters of drinkable water per day.

Whatever else the constellation of bases that loop around the Tigris and Euphrates river valleys may be, it offers proof of American industriousness, as orderly and antiseptic as the country outside its boundaries is chaotic and filthy. Thousands of Humvees and tanks line their boulevards, and, at Liberty, so do dental clinics, legal-assistance centers, and dining facilities (DFACS). The Victory complex boasts six DFACS—airplane hangars where Filipino servers offer every variety of junk food that a 20-year-old soldier might possibly desire—as well as Burger Kings, Cinnabons, and other rest-stop fare. Officers at Liberty estimate that, for every soldier who leaves the gate regularly, seven do not. At FOB Sykes, one who does, Sergeant Frank Lucciarini, says, "The guys in the city hate the guys on the FOB. It's two different mentalities: You have the war fighter and the people who say, 'I gotta play softball tomorrow.' "

NOWHERE CAN THE distance between Iraq the place and Iraq the abstraction be felt more keenly than in the Army's combat brigades. A conventional wisdom has emerged in Washington, arguing that U.S. forces have been "hunkering down"—the title of a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*—and patrolling less. Indeed, the president himself has pledged "less U.S. patrols, less U.S. presence." But this does not make it true. After the February bombing of the Shia mosque in Samarra, the number of U.S. patrols quadrupled in Baghdad. On a recent week, the Army sent 1,100 of them into the capital. It did so for a simple reason: Letting go has become the whole point of American policy, but officers know that, every time they let go of a sector, it comes apart at the seams.

The most important thing to understand about the way maneuver units fight the war is that no two of them fight the same way. 1–10 Mtn patrols constantly, but officers who served alongside it claim the National Guard brigade that preceded 1–10 Mtn rarely left the gate at all. Its sister brigade, 2–10 Mtn, which I visited last year, operated differently from both of them. The various operating styles derive, in part, from a philosophy of command in the Army that assigns nearly as much authority to the officer on the front line as the general back at division headquarters. Mostly, though, the brigades operate in a vacuum, with no strategy to guide them because no strategy has been offered. (The latest National Security Council official to be put in charge of Iraq policy sat recently for a *Post* story on "THE NSC'S SESAME STREET GENERATION.") So they fight their

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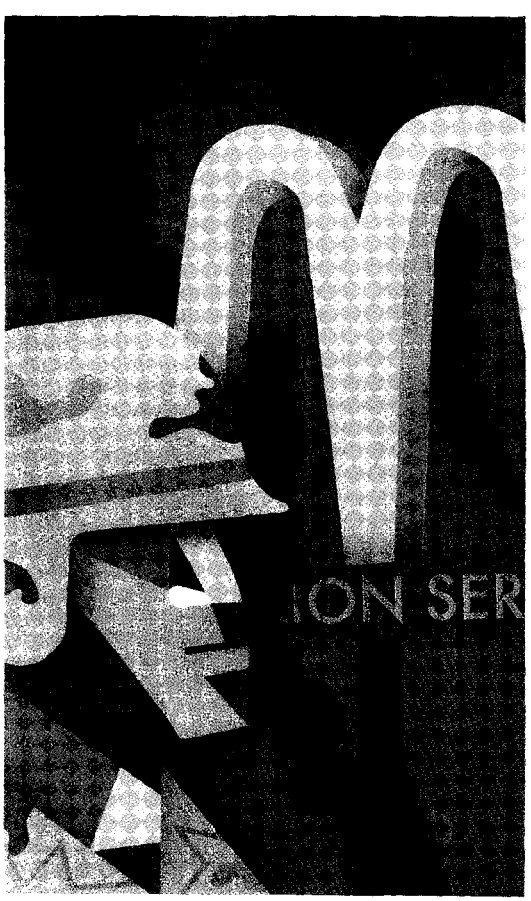
own wars, blanketing their sectors with troops and funds right up until the day the Pentagon orders them to let go.

Colonel Snow, a New Hampshire native with a soft New England accent, speaks quietly and methodically about his brigade's war. As his commanders prepare for a mission, he studies a map unfolded on the hood of his Humvee. Looking up, he says, "We patrol around the clock. We're always out there. ... We still have a central role to play here. The Sunnis aren't comfortable with [the Ministry of the Interior], and we still have to demonstrate that [the police] and [the army] can work together." As to how all of this jibes with the logic of exit strategies, Snow answers with what has become a stock response among senior officers, although, in this case, it sounds more like an earnest hope: "It has to be conditions-based."

1–10 Mtn has met a number of these conditions, foremost among them standing up the Iraqi army units in its sector. But the junior officers who patrol the streets daily will tell you that the most important condition—neighborhoods able to function without the Americans—won't be met for some time. The Iraqis who live there say the same thing. From the crumbling entryway to his house, a man in a tracksuit greets Snow. "We feel secure when we see the Americans," he says. "If you leave, every people here will kill each other." The patrol winds its way onto a block of large homes. On the porch of one, a middle-aged man named Nazar Al Jibouri introduces himself as a lawyer. He turns out to be a former Baathist, and, to judge by his palatial surroundings, the regime was good to him. None of this prevents him from submitting his own plea. "Until there is a correct army, the U.S. must not leave," he warns. "Or else we will have a disaster."



DAVID COWLES

Jibouri was offering more than an educated guess. 1–10 Mtn withdrew from this sector once before. "In December, we moved out west toward Abu Ghraib," recounts Major Eric Bennett. "The idea was to give the Iraqi army and then the police control of western Baghdad, with both pushing out behind us." In February, however, the bombing of the Shia mosque in Samarra transformed Amiriyah into a killing zone. After 1–10 Mtn returned, says Snow, "the violence tapered back to pre-Samarra levels." Views of the Americans changed, too—one of the metrics tracked by Iraqi pollsters who conduct opinion surveys for 1–10 Mtn. The percentage of residents who said they felt secure spiked from 25 percent to 57 percent, while 88 percent said they felt safest in the presence of U.S. forces. Hence the logic behind the unit's return: "If people don't feel secure, what do you do?" Snow asks. "You put forces back into Baghdad."

None of this squares with the cliché that "redeploying United States troops is necessary for success in Iraq," as Senator John Kerry puts it. Its protestations notwithstanding, the Bush team has enshrined Kerry's logic in official policy: When 1–10 Mtn departs Iraq in a few weeks, the U.S. presence in one-third of Baghdad will end.

THE ONE BAROMETER of progress in Iraq that truly progresses is the training of Iraqi security forces, on which America's hopes for an orderly withdrawal depend. Yet even this proceeds unevenly, with the Iraqi army making genuine strides and the Iraqi police making very few. The administration describes this as "the year of the police," but American officers predict they will need at least twice that long.

One of 1–10 Mtn's company commanders has a meeting scheduled with neighborhood leaders at the Al Shagra mosque in Ghazaliya, and I'm curious to hear whether their views of the police jibe with some of the upbeat assessments coming from the Pentagon. Roused by the Humvees outside, Sheik Mohammed Jasim emerges to greet his visitors. Equal parts Lord Sauron and Dom DeLuise in a beard and white robes, the Sunni sheik can't stop laughing—about the fact that his wife, guessing he would be meeting with a female journalist, has gone on a jealous rampage upstairs; about the wisdom of Captain Jeremy Gwinn, a bright young officer who, having dealt with the sheik month after month, clearly doesn't believe a word he says; about the Shia, whom he insists account for a tiny minority of Iraq's population. And, when the conversation turns to the police, he keeps on laughing. "The good ones just take bribes," he says. "The bad ones rip off your head."

With the Americans looking over their shoulders, however, the police seem less vicious than feckless. As Iraqi army soldiers patrol one side of a neighborhood in western Baghdad, an Iraqi police company patrols an alley at the other. The temperature has risen and clouds of flies descend on the alley, which reeks of urine. The po-

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American soldiers fought a gunbattle in Tall Afar, where their presence has subdued the insurgency.

lice have been pounding on one gate for a minute now. As they prepare to move on to the next, an oval-faced girl peeks out. She's crying, begging the police not to search the house. So, incredibly, they don't. Noticing the confusion from a few houses back, Snow gestures for the police to return. He speaks softly to the girl, calming her. In the house, her hands still shake. So much that, when she reaches into a vase where her family has hidden a key, the glass heirloom slips away and crashes to the floor. The hysteria resumes, but it doesn't faze the Iraqi police lieutenant enjoying a cigarette on her family's couch. It hasn't been three minutes yet, and his men have already completed their search. Not much later, word comes over Snow's radio that the police have finished searching the entire neighborhood, even though the Iraqi army units operating by their side still have hours to go. "Interesting," he says under his breath.

Slowly, fitfully, but progressively, the Americans are transforming Iraq's army into a professional force. It fields 117,000 men, 86 percent of its authorized strength, and it has rapidly expanded the amount of territory under its control. The army no longer melts away in combat, nor does it suffer from mass desertions, as it did during its first battles. Mostly, it fights.

The officers who lead Iraqi army patrols bring with them a local's sense of where to look for hidden weapons and who has told the truth and who has not. On a joint patrol, American officers hang back as the Iraqi platoon under their watch conducts house searches. As Iraqi soldiers fan out across the street and take up firing positions in the dirt, others peel off to search a nearby house, which they do from top to bottom, netting an assault rifle. The discovery prompts a round of sharp questions, the checking and rechecking of ID cards, additional questions, a more thorough search. The process repeats itself from house to house along the length of the street and then the entire neighborhood.

When the U.S. Army trains foreign forces, it trains them to operate, equip, and acquit themselves along American lines. It trains them, in short, to emulate. Iraqi soldiers have taken the art to levels that would have made their South Vietnamese predecessors blush. Some even don the unit patches of their American counterparts. At the brigade headquarters of the Iraqi unit that conducted the sweep, the emulation extends to an after-action briefing where Iraqi officers summarize the day's tally (five detainees) for Colonel Muhammad Rao'of, whose richly appointed office is festooned with certificates of appreciation from various U.S. units that partnered with him. The largest of these, a gift from the First Cavalry Division, features a gold plaque with a map of Texas and some parting words: GOOD LUCK TO THE FUTURE OF IRAQ. One day soon, there will be no Americans left to emulate.

THE ARMED FORCES in Iraq may view the war through a different prism than policymakers at home, but even 7,000 miles cannot measure their remove from American society. Unlike in Vietnam, where the cultural and political turmoil of the home front spilled over into rear areas late in the war, the Army in Iraq operates in a tightly sealed universe. "You really think Joe cares what *The New York Times* thinks about Iraq?" an incredulous major asks, using an officer's affectionate shorthand for the enlisted ranks. Watching a young American as he calls in a medevac brings to mind watching a surgeon or a violinist practice their craft. But, for most, it's just a job, whose larger meaning matters no more than it did to the World War II GIs recalled by Paul Fussell, for whom "the war might just as well have been about good looks, so evanescent at times did its meaning and purpose seem."

Nor, with the exception of its senior leaders, does the officer corps seem that much more attuned to debates at home. The borders of the sectors where they work 20-hour days define their horizons. Even the brightest among them, explains one company commander, avoid broader discussions about the war—in many cases a conscious choice, he adds, for even to entertain doubts risks "taking a step into nowhere." Having bled so much here, the officer corps has very little use for the suggestion it did so in vain. Tellingly, a Pew Research Center survey last year found that 64 percent of the military was confident of success in Iraq, a higher per-

CHRIS HONDROS/GETTY IMAGES

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centage than the public at large and roughly twice the percentage of civilian elites.

The two universes meet in Tall Afar, midway between Mosul and the Syrian border, and, for the second time this year, I travel there from Baghdad. Few towns in U.S. military history have been advertised so relentlessly and ostentatiously. As a result, the soldiers here operate under the American public's constant gaze. It makes for an uneasy coexistence. That's because Tall Afar, which the Third Armored Cavalry Regiment (3rd ACR) pacified last year, has become a metaphor in Washington for how things should be done. So much so that, in March, the president devoted an entire address to the remote outpost's lessons. 3rd ACR's commander, H.R. McMaster—a brilliant and profane officer who, but for the fact of his existence, only a fiction writer could invent—opened 29 patrol bases in the city, establishing the Americans as an essential part of its landscape.

With the exception of Tall Afar's mayor—who implored the president to keep McMaster in Tall Afar and who, I'm told on arriving, has flown to Colorado to be with him—the town's residents could have done without the publicity. Earlier in the week, a truck bomb killed 17 people here. Tall Afar's police chief, General Sabah Mohammed, explains the carnage the same way many officers do. "After President Bush speaks," he tells me, "the terrorists want to disprove him, so they start coming here." The First Armored Division's First Brigade Combat Team (1–1 AD) has battled back aggressively, launching foot patrols, establishing even more patrol bases, and—with the gruesome exception of the truck bomb—reducing the number of attacks to what they were before the speech.

With such assertiveness come casualties, and with casualties comes public scrutiny, which, in turn, generates demands to bring the troops home. Some officers complain that the American public advertises its fears as if they were virtues. But 1–1 AD's Colonel Sean MacFarland, a humble man with an engineering degree, approaches the civil-military gap like a diplomatic translator. "If we didn't want to accept risk, we wouldn't leave FOBs," he explains. Pointing to intelligence tips generated by the foot patrols that 1–1 AD sends into Tall Afar daily, MacFarland says, "If you isolate yourself from people here, you've already lost." His officers echo the point. "There's this British instructor at Taji," one captain says, referring to the counterinsurgency school that junior officers attend when they arrive in Iraq. "And he makes the point this way: If someone's beating you over the head with a stick, do you cover your head or do you take the stick and beat him back?"

Army officers would choose the latter option. But it's not so clear the American public wants them to. With the advent of an all-volunteer force, a mountain of survey data shows public tolerance for casualties has diminished to lows seldom recorded during the era of universal conscription. Lately, the paradox has expressed itself in a tendency to infantilize American soldiers, particularly with recommendations about how they ought to protect themselves. The impulse can have unintended consequences: "Up-armored" Humvees constantly roll over under the additional weight, something that accounts for nearly three-quarters of Humvee-accident deaths. "It's always the people who aren't in our positions who make decisions about armor," says 1–1 AD turret gunner PFC Anthony Stangle. In Mosul, armor now encases the entire bodies of turret gunners, who resemble heavily armed Michelin Men. In a convoy that makes its way along dirt roads from the town of Sinjar to Tall Afar, they choke in the heat. The politicians who demand more layers of body armor seem not to recognize that temperatures here reach 120 degrees in the summer. "I think they're really going overboard," says 1–1 AD gunner Lucciarini. "It's unbearable."

The next day, a convoy arrives at an Ottoman castle in the center of Tall Afar. From the castle's parapets on my last trip, I watched tanks slide in the mud. Today, the temperature hovers above 100 degrees, and the mud has dried into a red dust that covers vehicles and people. 1–1 AD's 2–37 Battalion makes its home inside the castle, as does Lieutenant Colonel John Tien, its commanding officer. Tien prides himself on the battalion's forceful posture, which, he says, has taken things a step further than 3rd ACR—pouring funds into a huge granary (Tall Afar's single biggest employer) on the outskirts of town, mounting infantry patrols, and adding more patrol bases in the heart of the city. He opened one of these bases in a house in Ay Asad, an insurgent stronghold. Their nest stirred, the insurgents demolished the house with a car bomb. "So, do we lick our wounds or do we stand and fight?" asks Tien, who has no use for the counsel of the risk-averse. He opened another base nearby, and its patrols cleared the entire neighborhood. Tall Afar, which descended into a horror show after the Americans withdrew from it in 2004, has nearly recovered.

THE AMERICANS, HOWEVER, will soon be leaving Tall Afar once more. Tien says they will withdraw from the city in December—and, like 1–10 Mtn in Baghdad, they will not be replaced. None of which follows from the police chief's reading of the situation. "Security here," he says, "still depends on coalition forces." The decision, however, is not his to make. It is Washington's.

The Army may have created its own universe in Iraq, but the outside world does intrude. The one arena where Washington does so regularly is the numbers game. In fairness, the Bush administration has only bad options: It can either maintain force levels in Iraq and face political ruination at home, or it can bring the troops home and watch Iraq burn. Most officers have resigned themselves to drawdowns proceeding without condition and regardless of consequence. "No one's going to 'pull' brigades out of Iraq," says one field grade officer. "It'll be over when they leave but don't get replaced." In the Pentagon's desire to hold up the deployment of additional brigades, he says, one may glimpse the future of the country the Army now calls home. There is none. ■

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Shadowed Lands

A BOOK BY ALEXANDER Stille has had a double screen life. Published in 1996, it was made into a fictional film in 1999, and now, with the same title, it has been re-made as a documentary. **EXCELLENT CADAVERS** is about the Mafia in Sicily. The title is a phrase invented years ago by the Sicilian novelist Leonardo Sciascia to denote the Mafia's chief product. (Further twist: in 1976 Francesco Rosi made a film also called *Excellent Cadavers*, based on a book by Sciascia.) Stille has worked on the screenplays of both films made from his book, apparently believing, after the first version, that a factual approach would serve the subject better.

EXCELLENT CADAVERS
(First Run/Icarus)

LAND OF THE BLIND
(Bauer Martinez)

The documentary form does serve the subject well. It begins in 1992, with the murders in Palermo of two prosecutors, Giovanni Falcone and Paolo Borsellino, who had fought the Mafia. We hear the grim voice of an elderly government official who says, "It's all over." The fight against the Mafia, he thinks, is hopeless. The film then goes back to the 1980s to verify the old man's sigh. (One question: how did the director get the footage of explosions on lonely country roads?)

What is strangely transfixing about the film is our agreement, from the beginning, that the struggle is hopeless. The Mafia is there to stay (with American branches). What is equally strange is that though we know in advance the general shape of the events—from numerous films and press reports—the story grips.

Murder always grips, especially as an instrument of power by an unseen force. Today we pick up the paper or turn on the television to get the day's fatality score from the Middle East. Those deaths that grind our insides are usually the work of insurgents who want to take power. The Mafia killings have a different, almost mythical quality. The Mafia is invisible and wants to remain so, yet it is intertwined with the very existence of Sicily. A dictator—Mussolini—could not stamp it out. In the early 1940s, the Allies in Sicily were said to have sought the help of the Mafia to maintain order. A prime minister, Giulio Andreotti, was soiled by Mafia connections; another prime minister, Silvio Berlusconi, was not free of similar suspicions. The Mafia is the root of much gangsterism all over the world, thus the root of innumerable forms of gangster fiction. (Ah, there, *Sopranos*.) The blood-drenched bodies that recur in this film, unless they are those of relatives or friends, are like strophes in a stark endless ballad. In that ballad, heroes continue to assail the fire-breathing dragon; and each hero usually ends as a crumpled heap or is literally blown to invisibility.

This near-certainty is what gives the struggle against the Mafia an eerie glow. We see two prosecutors, Falcone and Borsellino, striving mightily against the Mafia in the 1980s. In 1986 they even brought about the mass trial of 485 mafiosi, more than 300 of whom were convicted. But the prosecutors knew—Borsellino even says at one point that he hasn't much time to finish his work—that this was not the end of the Mafia. Obviously some prosecutors and magistrates must always be in cahoots with the organization, at least to the extent that they keep away from Mafia cases so that they will survive; but obviously, too, some prosecutors and magistrates deliberately set out to fight. Their courage is nearly incredible but awesomely true. (The Palermo airport is now called the Falcone-Borsellino Airport.)

Certainly there are other police forces in the world that know they can never eliminate their opponents. Can there be any member of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration who really believes that drug traffic can be stopped? (The Sicilian Mafia, by the way, is now in the drug business.) But those officers are not engaged in what is much more literally a war. Marco Turco's documentary rendition of Stille's book is a graphic reminder that at least one place on earth continues to be the site of a primordial moral struggle.

Ralph Fiennes is one of the best actors now on the screen. His performances in *Sunshine* and *The End of the Affair* and *The Constant Gardener* were delights. But since his breakthrough appearance in *Schindler's List* in 1993, he has appeared in a very mixed lot of twenty-three films. The list includes money jobs, on which comment would be ridiculous. The much more puzzling question is about the dubious serious films in which he has appeared. One such was *Onegin*, a dull and soggy version of Pushkin's poem. Another puzzle is his latest, **LAND OF THE BLIND**.

A debut feature written and directed by Robert Edwards, who spent six and a half years as an intelligence officer in the U.S. Army, *Land of the Blind* is a political film about the evils of both fascism and Maoism, shown here—to whose surprise?—as closely akin in their views of individual freedom. To Edwards's credit, the familiarity of the picture's political lesson does not obscure some accomplishments. Other than a weakness for intense close-ups—and for such a crude visual metaphor as trampling elephants—Edwards directs adequately. The production design by Mark Larkin is cleverly chilling in the inquisitorial chambers, and Emmanuel Kadosh knows how to light those settings for his camera.

But that screenplay! Donald Sutherland's role, for instance, though more interesting than Fiennes's, is still only a mechanism. Sutherland, no ordinary actor himself, agreed to do the film possibly because his career is flecked with roles that must have amused him privately.

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Here he plays a freethinking playwright who has long been imprisoned for his dissident views, is now long-haired and bearded, and, though often beaten by his guards, is immovably anti the present state. (The country where the film takes place is never named.) He quotes Shakespeare and Yeats as proof of his quality and resolve. Fiennes, one of the prison guards, has a secret sympathy for Sutherland but accepts the situation and consoles himself with his wife and imminent child. A revolution takes place—the script is not crystal-clear about the way it happens—and Sutherland, sprung from his cell, shoots the puerile dictator and his wife in the middle of a connubial sex frolic. Fiennes then becomes adjunct to him, and is increasingly disappointed as Sutherland, despite Shakespeare and Yeats, merely replaces the dictator with leftist tyranny. This metamorphosis is pat: it fits Edwards's scheme rather than Sutherland's character.

The dialogue creaks, all the more so since we know better than it does what it is going to say. The plot is simply pushed around to keep the film moving and to underscore its heavy-handed purpose. I think that near the end, some twenty years later, Fiennes's daughter, now grown, is a government agent, but that's just a guess. One idea in the script amuses: the first dictator makes action films, which are terrible. Otherwise the only matter that interests is the question of Fiennes's presence in this political lesson for children. (Just cut the sex scenes.) ■

Sean Wilentz

What Was Liberal History?

RICHARD HOFSTADTER:
AN INTELLECTUAL BIOGRAPHY
By David S. Brown
(University of Chicago Press, 291 pp., $27.50)

IN MARCH 1965, A DELEGATION of historians joined Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s fifty-four-mile march from Selma to Montgomery in Alabama. Weeks earlier, Alabama state troopers had brutally broken up a voting rights march in Selma with nightsticks and tear gas, and King aimed to finish what the protesters had started. The historians, who included the renowned Richard Hofstadter, went south to take a stand. That the normally circumspect Hofstadter struck his tasks at Columbia University and made the trip suggested just how deep the outrage at Jim Crow repression had become.

Hofstadter, in character, acted more the dry wit than the rabble-rouser. At one point, the bus carrying the scholars to the march swerved badly, leaving the professors momentarily shaken and frightened. Hofstadter broke the tension. "If your driving leads to an accident that kills us all," he pleaded with the bus driver, "you will set back the liberal interpretation of American history for a century!"

His tone was, as ever, ironic and humorous, but it was also charged with energy and pride. "I had the feeling that he felt liberated," one of his colleagues recalled, "that he was somehow getting in touch with the past." Hofstadter would have been even prouder had he known that one of the leaders of the original march, John Lewis of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, had been carrying a small knapsack when a state trooper cracked open his skull, and that inside the knapsack was a paperback copy of *The American Political Tradition*, Hofstadter's most widely read book, published seventeen years earlier.

AS DAVID S. BROWN CLAIMS in this illuminating biography, Hofstadter retains an enormous mystique today, thirty-six years after his death from leukemia at the age of fifty-four. Phrases and concepts that Hofstadter invented to describe and to analyze American politics—"status anxiety," "the paranoid style"—remain in currency among high-end journalists and pundits. His best books, *The American Political Tradition* and *The Age of Reform*, remain on graduate reading lists decades after their publication, models of dazzling prose and interpretive acuity. All but one of his half-dozen other major works remain in print.

In some respects, indeed, Hofstadter's standing has risen since 1970. His fascination with the history of what he called "political culture," the quirks in American politics beyond official platforms and speeches, is now very much in vogue. And no historian of the United States with the same combination of intellectual heterodoxy, literary brilliance, and scholarly sweep has replaced him. Amid the current dizzy political scene—with its snake-oil preachers, and anti-Darwinian Social Darwinists, and Indian casino ripoff artists, and a president whose friends say he thinks he is ordained by God—Hofstadter's sharpness about the darker follies of American democracy seems more urgently needed than ever.

Brown's labors would have been worthwhile had he simply told the man's life story and assessed his work. (The only previous book on Hofstadter confines itself to his leftist youth in the 1930s, including a brief and uneasy membership in the Communist Party.) But Brown goes further, describing Hofstadter's paradoxical mixture of iconoclasm and caution, a personality that managed to submerge melancholy in ambition and a sense of the absurd. Brown's book freshens the worn-out chronicle of the postwar Upper West Side intelligentsia by re-telling it from Hofstadter's playful, eternally skeptical, oddly uninflammatory point of view. Although he was essentially a private intellectual and writer—"I'm not a teacher," he once told his student Eric Foner, "I'm a writer"—Hofstadter emerges here as more engaged in the politics of the 1950s and 1960s than is often remembered. If Brown at times makes his subject seem too reactive, his thinking a product of the larger academic and political world, he captures Hofstadter's evolving thoughts without pigeonholing them; and he attends to how fortune—good, bad, and heartbreaking—altered the course of Hofstadter's achievements.

Above all, Brown helps readers assess Hofstadter as a member of a generation of American historians every bit as important as (and in some respects more so than) the well-known Progressive generation of Charles Beard, Frederick Jackson Turner, and Vernon Parrington, the trio to whom Hofstadter devoted his last full-scale book. Like those earlier scholars, Hofstadter's generation, which included Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and C. Vann Woodward, imagined history as a continuing dialogue

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between the past and the present. Although many came to the academy as outsiders (Schlesinger being an obvious exception), all were highly respectful of the spirit—if not always the institutions and the rituals—of the scholarly life.

In other important ways, to be sure, the liberal historians of mid-century America defy easy generalization. In temperament, they differed greatly, not least in their respective affinity for power, whether inside or outside the academy. Schlesinger served in the White House during the Kennedy years, as another prominent liberal historian, Eric Goldman of Princeton, did under Lyndon B. Johnson. Although Woodward was less drawn to the political limelight, he worked on behalf of the House Judiciary Committee during the Watergate scandals and served as president of the American Historical Association, the Organization of American Historians, and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Hofstadter, by contrast, seemed allergic to holding official power of any kind, and turned down the only White House appointment offered him, and rarely attended professional meetings.

Nor can the liberals be shoehorned into the category of "consensus" historians, a tag all too frequently affixed to the post–World War II generation of Americanists. The label did suit Hofstadter for a time—in some respects he invented the consensus genre—even though it eventually troubled him. But although they rejected the Progressives' simplistic understanding of American conflict as an unending struggle between "agrarianism" and "industrialism," neither Schlesinger nor Woodward nor their many admirers wrote of an overarching consensus in our past. Quite the opposite.

The liberal historians converged in trying to reconstruct the nation's history in the shattering wake of the New Deal, World War II, the Cold War (and, especially in Hofstadter's case, McCarthyism), and finally the civil rights movement. Without abandoning the Progressive idea of a "usable" past—Woodward (frowning, then smiling, eyebrows arched) once remarked that a usable history would always be preferable to a useless one—the liberals brought to American history what Lionel Trilling famously called a sense of "variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty," which had eluded their elders. Schlesinger, for his part, adapted liberal anti-communist ideas drawn from Reinhold Niebuhr, who mocked the optimistic naïveté of Progressive historiography and instead valued a secularized and historicized idea of original sin. Woodward concentrated on his native South, noting the stark discontinuities as well as the continuities in southern history, discovering long-obscured southern paradoxes of class, race, and party, and re-interpreting the history and the legacy of slavery as part of what he called an intricate and often ironic "American counterpoint" between the sections.

Richard Hofstadter in Vermont, 1956
(Photo courtesy Fritz Stern)

What made the writings of these historians liberal? This liberalism originated in a twofold desire. First, in the most precise sense of liberal as large, generous, capacious, these historians wanted to be more inclusive, examining aspects of American political and social life that previous historians had slighted, from race and ethnicity to the power of irrational symbolic appeals. Second, they wanted to re-interpret a liberal tradition that they believed had dominated American history more critically, freed from the self-ratifying pieties of much liberal historiography as well as from the deceptive, often manipulative populism that characterized the 1930s and 1940s Popular Front left.

Looking back, they appear, in keeping with the political trends of their formative and middle years, to have badly overestimated liberalism's dominance of the American political tradition. Much of their writing through the 1970s did little to prepare readers for the conservative era that was to come. Still, they rendered the writing of American history far more intellectually strenuous and much less predicable than ever before. They produced a body of scholarship that, if not as magisterial as the *Annales* school in France, did much to affect civic life and political sensibilities in their own country. And among these talented, driven scholar-intellectuals, the sometimes conflicted mind of Richard Hofstadter was the boldest of all.

II.

NOTHING CAN BE UNderstood about Hofstadter's *intelligence* without understanding his visceral urban proclivities, inflected by his aversion to the smug absolutism that too often afflicted big-city intellectuals. Much of the so-called "counter-Progressive" historiography of the 1940s and 1950s rebelled against the Midwestern biases of the previous generation, which beheld the nation's cities as sinks of political and economic corruption. Turner, raised and schooled in Wisconsin, had rendered the frontier West as the seedbed of American democracy. Parrington, a product of Kansas, elucidated all of American thought as a battle between Jeffersonian rural individualism and Hamiltonian urban plutocracy. Beard, born in Knightstown, Indiana, was somewhat different, seeing American history as a war among economic interests that sometimes cut across the urban-rural divide; and Hofstadter always accorded Beard the greatest respect among his elders. Yet Beard, too, tended to associate the industrializing, cash-driven, urban North (and especially the Northeast) as the main source of the nation's sordidness. *The Rise of American Civilization* (published

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in 1927, and co-authored with Beard's wife, Mary Ritter Beard) described the Civil War as "the Second American Revolution" less because it freed the slaves—to the Beards, a bogus moral issue—than because northern "industry as well as finance had its reward" in the demise of the Old South, leading to the degrading excesses of the Gilded Age.

Hofstadter was spared any nostalgic yearning for the American agrarian myth. He was born in 1916 in Buffalo, to a lower-middle-class Polish-Jewish father and a German Lutheran mother. A polyglot provincial city, Buffalo lacked the frontier remnants that shaped the Progressive generation—but it also lacked the relentless, know-it-all kinetics that propelled ambitious metropolitan immigrants who also came of age in the 1930s, and made them vulnerable to left-wing sectarianism. Drawn early to philosophy as well as to history, Hofstadter studied as an undergraduate at the University of Buffalo with Julius W. Pratt, a prominent diplomatic and intellectual historian best known for his writings on the emotional and psychological factors that drove American expansionism. Since he challenged national pieties, Pratt is sometimes described as one of the Progressives; and so his influence in shaping Hofstadter is too often overlooked, especially in casting doubt on the Beards' preoccupation with material factors in history. (Hofstadter's undergraduate thesis, which became the basis for his first professional article, refuted the Beardian interpretation of the Civil War's origins.)

At Buffalo, Hofstadter joined the radical left. An active member and eventually Buffalo chapter president of the National Student League, the dominant campus left-wing organization of the time, he participated in a nationwide student antiwar strike of classes in April 1935. He fell in love with and married Felice Swados, a fellow left-wing student and committed activist (and the sister of Harvey Swados, later known as a fine fiction writer and essayist). Over the objection of family members, he decided against becoming a lawyer, began taking courses in Columbia's history department in 1937, and wrote an M.A. thesis that berated, from a leftist perspective, the New Deal's Agricultural Adjustment Act. In 1942, he completed the dissertation that would become his first book, a scathing survey of capitalist apologia, *Social Darwinism in American Thought, 1860–1915*. He also attended, with Felice, meetings of the Young Communist League, and in October 1938 he dutifully enlisted in the Columbia graduate unit of the Communist Party. "I don't like capitalism and want to get rid of it," he wrote.

Appalled by the communists' authoritarianism and, Brown suggests, by reports on the Moscow trials, Hofstadter abruptly quit the party after only four months, but for years thereafter he appears to have considered himself a man of the radical left. His Marxist phase was common for the disaffected students of his generation, and it made a lasting impression. Above all, it gave him ways to think about American politics outside the mainstream categories of liberal and conservative. From this radicalized perspective, American politics appeared to be not an abiding battle between equality and privilege but rather a contest between political parties whose similarities overwhelmed their differences. The Marxism of the 1930s lay just below Hofstadter's oft-quoted later observation that America's egalitarianism "has been a democracy in cupidity rather

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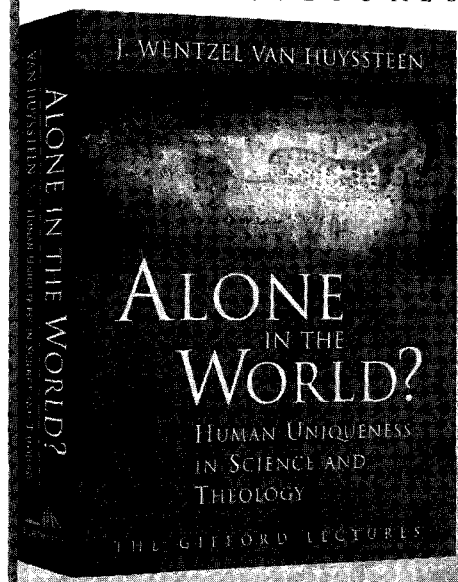

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than a democracy of fraternity"—a left-wing formulation that, paradoxically, also seemed to declare the futility of left-wing politics in the United States.

HOFSTADTER'S IRONIC TEMPERAMENT and his literary turn quickly rendered him an odd man out among the comrades. Even at his most radical, he lacked the vehement self-assurance and faith in historical eschatology that drove so many others to toe the party line. Although he studied the political economy of currency policy and agricultural subsidies, he preferred analyzing the subtle play of ideas and words and images. Spiritually as well as personally, he drew closer to the anti-Stalinists in and around *Partisan Review*. His close friend Alfred Kazin, whom he met early on in New York, observed that imagining Hofstadter writing essays on dialectical materialism was like imagining "Pope Pius doing a striptease." Hofstadter's dalliance among the Columbia communists also left him eternally wary of the folksy "progressivism" and scapegoating "populism" that pervaded the party in its mid-1930s Popular Front incarnation. "His first skirmishes with anti-intellectualism, in other words," Brown writes, "were fought against the Left."

The force of Hofstadter's mordant outlook on social movements and American politics generally—one owing nearly as much to Mencken as to Marx—was still gathering when he published *Social Darwinism in American Thought* in 1944. The book is very much of its time (and, Brown suggests, actually originated in an idea of Felice Hofstadter's), but it also bears traits that would become closely identified with the historian's mature work. Hofstadter's stripping away of the moral convenience in the writings of William Graham Sumner and his followers remains a brilliant exposé of how callous, complacent claptrap can masquerade as benevolent, pseudo-scientific reason. The book's vaunting of the reformist, long out-of-fashion sociologist Lester Ward, as well as of William James and the pragmatists, located a philosophical alternative—native, practical, and non-communist—to the Anglo-Saxonism and crass individualism that Hofstadter still found persistent in America. Above all, the book skillfully deployed irony to gain perspective, showing how entrepreneurs seized upon American egalitarian principles to make their fortunes, only to use the same principles in order to justify plutocracy. The deadpan calm of Hofstadter's tone made it all the more corrosive.

Only twenty-eight when the book appeared, Hofstadter had already begun his rise through the academic ranks, having traded a job at City College for a position at the University of Maryland in 1942. Felice gave birth to a son at the end of 1943. Spared from the military draft because of allergies and digestive troubles, Hofstadter taught soldiers and traded ideas with talented young colleagues (including Kenneth Stampp and C. Wright Mills) in College Park before he got the call in 1946 to return to Columbia, where he would spend the rest of his career. By then, he was well into writing a new book, a series of biographical portraits with the working title *Men and Ideas in American Politics*.

Yet as Brown carefully details, Hofstadter's early progress contained ironies of its own, punctuated by both chance successes and catastrophe. His first post, at City College, came open only after a Red Scare purge of suspect faculty members. Hofstadter won the Maryland position in part because anti-Semitism, still a bane of the historical profession, precluded the school from hiring a rival with a more Jewish-sounding name. (It was Eric Goldman.) Four years later, Hofstadter was passed over at Johns Hopkins *because* he was half-Jewish—and the job went instead to C. Vann Woodward, who would become a close friend and a sympathetic critic.

Hofstadter's early chapters of *Men and Ideas* met with a swift rejection from a minor publisher, only to win enthusiastic acceptance, and a cash fellowship to boot, from Alfred A. Knopf in 1945. Yet that wonderful break came to a man working impossibly hard amid sudden devastation. In the spring of 1944, Felice was diagnosed with cancer. Consumed with caring for his wife and infant son, Hofstadter managed to obtain a paid leave from Maryland and join his family in Buffalo, where Felice died in July 1945. Hofstadter took refuge in writing his new book, but the prospects looked bleak; and with the medical bills piling up, he considered leaving the underpaid professoriat for a career in journalism. Except for Knopf's sharp eye and the Columbia historians' decision to hire him instead of another formidable candidate, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Hofstadter might have been lost to scholarship—and the manuscript of what came to be re-titled *The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It* might never have seen print.

III.

"IT IS UNORTHODOX; IT WILL outrage many people," the Knopf awards committee said of Hofstadter's manuscript. "But no one will deny its distinction." The committee strongly (and mistakenly) doubted that a book of biographical essays would succeed commercially, but it gave Hofstadter the award anyway. The book's editor helped to prove the group wrong by backing Alfred Knopf's argument that it needed a strong introduction to pull together the author's disparate themes. Often forgotten is that the author was passing through a crisis. Hofstadter later confessed that the main reason he had avoided writing an introduction was that "I was in a period of intellectual transition," and fully aware that he was in no position to write "a synthetic statement about the American political tradition."

The move back to Columbia in 1946 pushed many of his earlier loyalties and affinities to the background. The place itself had changed from the radical testing ground of the Depression years to the cradle of what would become a more skeptical 1950s liberalism, associated with, among others, Lionel Trilling and Jacques Barzun. In the summer of 1946, Hofstadter fell in love with Beatrice Kevitt, a war widow, fellow Buffalo native, and trained classicist who was trying to start over as a writer in New York, and six months later they married. Knopf, meanwhile, became his powerful ally in the publishing world, as he would remain for the rest of Hofstadter's life. The brilliant but bereft and nearly thwarted scholar was becoming a Manhattan intellectual insider. His manuscript, conceived and largely written by a man of the left, was being completed by a man of leftish but no longer firmly radical convictions.

The long-evaded introduction began by disparaging the upbeat, entertaining Americana that had come to dominate popular historical studies—a quest for the past "carried on in a spirit of sentimental appreciation rather than of critical analysis." Hofstadter blamed the escapist mood on an insecurity in the American soul, rocked by the Great Depression and World War II, which had

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upset the climate of common political values that had dominated the nation since its founding. By examining the old central faith, "bounded by the horizons of property and enterprise," Hofstadter found that the legendary battles so dear to the Progressives, between Federalist capitalists and Jeffersonian democrats, Whig businessmen and Jacksonian plebeians, amounted to far less than met the eye. Whatever genuine differences and conflicts divided the nation's political leaders, "the business of politics" had always been to "protect this competitive world [that is, capitalism], to foster it on occasion, to patch up its incidental abuses, but not to cripple it with a plan for common collective action." That consensus, Hofstadter proclaimed, had become intellectually bankrupt and unreal—a tough-minded view of American politics, especially liberal politics, from the left that challenged many liberal (and even leftist) sacred cows.

Most of the book re-interpreted liberal heroes from Thomas Jefferson through Franklin Delano Roosevelt, bringing each luminary crashing down out of the clouds by insisting that nearly all American politicians "accepted the economic virtues of capitalist culture as necessary virtues of man." Hofstadter's irony performed a great deal of work, as he depicted his subjects less as paragons than as paradoxes. Jefferson was, in Hofstadter's formulation, "the Aristocrat as Democrat"; Andrew Jackson, the supposed democratic tribune of the common man, turned out to be an advance agent of liberal capitalism in its most cut-throat, laissez-faire form. Theodore Roosevelt was "the Conservative as Progressive." In *The American Political Tradition*, many Americans read of Abraham Lincoln for the first time as a conniving, self-made man whose views on race, by modern standards, were less than elevated (and whose Emancipation Proclamation, Hofstadter wrote, "had all the moral grandeur of a bill of lading").

An exception to Hofstadter's iconoclasm—and he was just a partial exception—was FDR, whose New Deal had once been an object of Hofstadter's scorn. By 1948, Hofstadter had softened considerably, finding in what he saw as Roosevelt's recognition of the passing of older forms of American opportunity a frank realization that "in cold terms ... the great era of individualism, expansion, and opportunity was dead." The book finally judged the New Deal a failure in combating the Great Depression. Its very last paragraph bemoaned the liberal cult of FDR's shimmering personality, which had only grown since the president's death three years earlier. But Hofstadter found in Roosevelt's administrations a few rays pointing out an escape route from ossified Jeffersonian liberal individualism.

NEARLY SIX DECADES LATER, many of the historical judgments in *The American Political Tradition* appear contrarian to the point of being shallow. Jackson, who believed the federal government, not the banks, should control the currency, was no precursor of the robber barons. The book slights Lincoln's deep disgust at slavery, effaces his belief—unyielding after 1854—that the institution had to be put on the road to extinction as soon as possible, and tries too hard to turn him into a pseudo-philosophical "self-help" forerunner of Dale Carnegie. Compared with Schlesinger's *The Age of Jackson* (which was published in 1945, and defied the Progressives by rendering the Jack-

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sonian era as more of a struggle between classes than between sections) and Woodward's *Origins of the New South* (which appeared in 1951, and rejected the Progressives' praise of Midwestern Populism while vaunting the Populism rooted in the South), *The American Political Tradition* had too little good to say about major American politicians and political movements. Hofstadter later admitted as much.

But its very iconoclasm, beholden neither to patriotic myth nor to left-wing romance, made *The American Political Tradition* enormously invigorating in its time, especially but not at all exclusively among an emerging cohort of liberal historians. Woodward praised the many "penetrating things" Hofstadter had to say; Schlesinger called the book "important and refreshing," and singled out Hofstadter as "a new talent of first-rate ability in the writing of American history." Thanks largely to Hofstadter's witty, compact, caustic prose, the book also became a popular success, featured on drugstore paperback racks as well as on high school and college reading lists for decades to come. (And, in 1965, John Lewis packed it away in his knapsack.) It remains today the centerpiece of the liberal generation's collective output, on a par with the Beards' fabulously successful *The Rise of American Civilization*. More than a million copies are in print. Even when Hofstadter's drubbings of American political thought are wrongheaded or excessive, the book pierces myths that still cloud our debates and short-circuit our thinking—the frontier, self-help, the Common Man, Jesus Christ as a Founding Father.

IV.

BASKING IN HIS BOOK'S SUCcess, Hofstadter became one of the pillars of a burgeoning Morningside Heights intellectual community, centered at Columbia but deeply cosmopolitan and genuinely indifferent to the academicism that knew primarily the monograph and the professional association meeting. Many of his former friends and teachers feared that he was drifting too far and too fast to the right, and tilting toward Establishment mandarin hauteur. Hofstadter's continuing work, especially *The Age of Reform: From Bryan to FDR*, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1955, lent the criticisms superficial credence. But if Hofstadter had outgrown the leftist spirit of the 1930s, he still wrote broadly from the left, fascinated as ever by the irrational myths that afflicted American politics, hoping to aid the forces of reform by stripping them of their illusions. With a new family, a prestigious job, and a skyrocketing reputation, Hofstadter was certainly more settled, but he remained resistant to intellectual absolutes and smug self-importance. Although he wrote history in a different key, in many respects he had changed less than the times had.

Brown's biography helps to topple the impression (which arose during the late 1960s) that after *The American Political Tradition* Hofstadter retreated into an ivory tower on Claremont Avenue. During the presidential campaign in 1952, at some risk to his standing on campus, Hofstadter helped organize Columbia Faculty Volunteers for Stevenson, which ran a full-page ad in *The New York Times* (Hofstadter drafted part of the text, Peter Gay solicited the necessary funds) protesting the paper's endorsement of Adlai Stevenson's opponent, Dwight D. Eisenhower, who just happened to be president of Columbia. Never again would Hofstadter find himself so drawn to a presidential candidate as he was to Stevenson; and he later regretted using his connection to Columbia to help advance his political views. But neither did he withdraw from writing about contemporary politics, nor did he come to believe that professional integrity demanded that historians abdicate their civic role.

Although deeply committed to scholarship, Hofstadter would, in later years, find time to raise his voice in venues ranging from *Partisan Review* to *Newsweek*, shedding what historical light he could on continuing political affairs. He became especially agitated in 1964 when the Goldwater campaign raised, in his mind, the specter of a new radical right that, he wrote in *The New York Times*, had already forced the Republican Party to surrender meekly, if only temporarily, "to archaic notions and disastrous leadership." Hofstadter took great—and, as it happened, premature—satisfaction when Goldwater lost in a landslide. He was overly confident in America's permanent liberal aegis.

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The change in the historical questions that he asked grew from the widespread concerns of liberals and leftists shaken by the devastation of both fascism and Stalinism abroad, and, in time, by the success of Joseph R. McCarthy and other right-wing demagogues at home. The first substantial response from the young historians, Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s *The Vital Center*, appeared in 1948—a political defense of what Schlesinger called "the free left" against the pro-Soviet fellow traveling exemplified by the Henry Wallace Progressive Party campaign of the same year. Hofstadter, at Columbia, was more attracted to the theorizing of diverse social scientists (including the Columbia sociologists Daniel Bell, Robert Merton, and C. Wright Mills) about the relative importance of psychological and even irrational factors in social life. Amid the McCarthyite eruptions of the early and mid-1950s, Hofstadter immersed himself in his friends' and colleagues' debates on the effects of symbolism, "status," and "latent functions" in political life, sometimes spurred by the writings of (among others) Freud, Mannheim, and Adorno. But Hofstadter's thinking also drew on his old suspicions, dating back to his days studying with Julius Pratt, that psychological and emotional pressures explained as much and maybe more about the past than economics did. He brought all those interests to bear in *The Age of Reform*.

STILL ONE OF THE MOST influential books on twentieth-century America, *The Age of Reform* is a journey through the less savory, often hidden themes in protest and reformist politics from the Populist movement through the New Deal. The Populists come off the worst, driven by economic hardship to endorse all sorts of cranky, conspiratorial, and bigoted notions, some blatantly anti-Semitic, about the sources of rural oppression. Although every bit as commercially minded as other Americans, Hofstadter charged, the rebel farmers wrapped themselves in the fanciful mantle of the injured little Jeffersonian yeoman—an illusion that left Populism vulnerable to crude social nostrums and an anxious, destructive self-righteousness. Hofstadter saw the Progressive movement, at least at its core, as a collection of displaced patricians and intellectuals, fretful about their own social status. The Progressives were less flamboyantly conspiracy-prone than the

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Populists, but they were trapped nevertheless by nostalgic fantasies about restoring their own moral authority, and with it an imagined bygone America with "a rather broad diffusion of wealth, status, and power."

The book's opening sections on the Populists and the Progressives were as iconoclastic as anything in *The American Political Tradition*, but they raised greater doubts among his fellow liberals. Woodward (who thought his friend had gone overboard in his enthusiasm for social science) calmly but firmly replied that the Populist heritage, especially its southern branch, should not be reduced to its crankier elements. Subsequent studies of Progressivism found that Hofstadter's sweeping claims about the loose-knit movement's motives and social origins were greatly simplified. More broadly, Hofstadter's efforts to make his material cohere into a dichotomy of "interest" versus "status" were far too pat, slighting the power of ideals about fairness and justice that had nothing to do with either economic self-interest or status anxieties.

The Age of Reform's greatest achievement, often overlooked, is in its reappraisal of the New Deal, reviving and reinforcing the more positive passages in *The American Political Tradition*. Whereas most historians (and many New Dealers) saw Roosevelt's reforms as a continuation of Populism and Progressivism, Hofstadter affirmed the New Deal as a sharp break with the past. The old sentimental, quixotic, and self-deluding forays against capitalism gave way to Keynesian policy and the provision of social welfare. Nineteenth-century individualism and anti-monopolism fell before a fuller appreciation of the inevitable size and scope of American business. Cities and urban life, including the party political machines, which had been the bane of Jeffersonian liberalism, became an accepted, even vaunted element in the New Deal coalition. Under FDR, in short, American liberalism came of age.

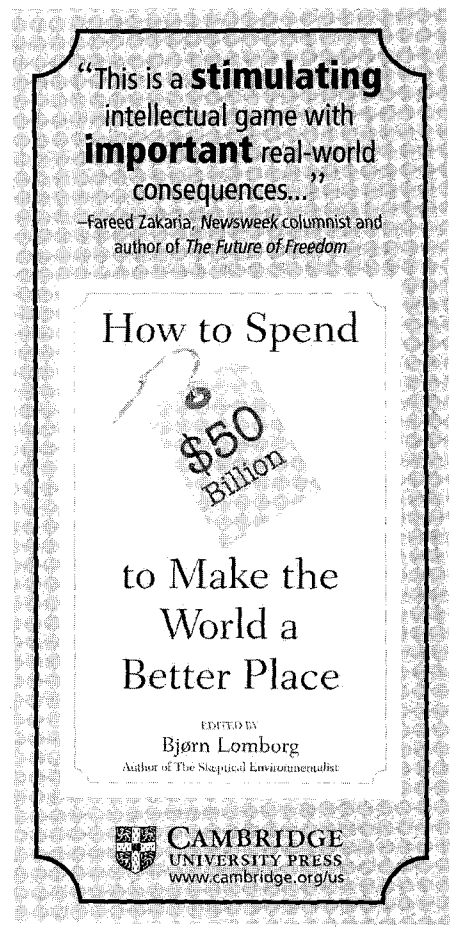
Following the long-term abandonment, at least philosophically, of New Deal liberalism by both major political parties, Hofstadter's account of the New Deal's spirit repays a new look—not as an exercise in nostalgia but in order to help recover and refurbish a suppressed but still essential American political tradition. As was his wont, Hofstadter overstated his case, underestimating both the intense social conflicts that helped push the reforms forward and the degree to which Progressive ideas (particularly in the area of labor reform) guided New Deal thinking. But simply by identifying the change and by portraying what Hofstadter called the New Deal's "chaos of experimentation" as a sign of vibrancy, not weakness, *The Age of Reform* concisely defined the transformation of modern American liberalism, two years before Schlesinger took up the issue, in much greater detail, in *The Crisis of the Old Order, 1919–1933*. For that, apart from everything else, Hofstadter's book retains some of its old luster—and has even acquired a new urgency.

V.

The Age of Reform won Hofstadter the Pulitzer Prize, but he did not rest on his laurels. Still concerned with the irrational in American populist politics, and with how Americans had come increasingly to denigrate "egghead" intellectuals, he wrote a lengthy historical account, *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, which won him another Pulitzer in 1963. An essay originally published in *Harper's* magazine, "The Paranoid Style in American Politics," became the starting point for scholars and pundits seeking historical explanations of the rising right-wing politics of the 1960s, as it has remained for writers on subjects ranging from Ross Perot to the modern survivalist movement. In 1968, Hofstadter published a fine book of historiography, *The Progressive Historians: Turner, Beard, Parrington*, settling his intellectual accounts with the generation before him while signaling to the up-and-coming generation his misgivings about the "consensus" history to which he had often been linked. In the interim, he returned fleetingly to speaking out on current affairs, expressing alarm at Goldwater's candidacy in 1964, opposing the Johnson administration's Vietnam policies, and defending the academy from the misdirected rage and anti-intellectualism of the New Left radicals.

For all Hofstadter's energy, though, his scholarly work in many ways lost touch with the political currents of the time. The years from 1955 to 1968 mark off exactly the period of the civil rights movement's rise, breakthrough, and descent into bitterness and confusion. Hofstadter certainly supported the movement, making his trip to Alabama. But the ex-Marxist urbanite had only occasionally showed much interest in studying southern history, or in the roles that slavery and race played in American history. Apart from a sharp chapter on John C. Calhoun in *The American Political Tradition*, his most extended publication on these matters, a devastating article on the racist southern historian U. B. Phillips and the plantation myth, dated back to 1944.

Kenneth Stampp, Hofstadter's friend from his College Park days, did far more to place slavery at the center of historians' attentions in *The Peculiar Institution*, published in 1956; and it was Woodward's *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*, published two years earlier, that won a reputation (directly from Martin Luther King Jr.) as "the historical bible of the civil rights movement." Hofstadter, by contrast, seemed preoccupied with the issues that had inspired him during the years before and after the personal crisis that accompanied his writing of *The American Political Tradition*. Brown quotes the intellectual historian Dorothy Ross, another of Hofstadter's students: "His voice came out of the thirties and


"This is a stimulating intellectual game with important real-world consequences..."
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out of the McCarthyism of the fifties, and that world changed." Hofstadter seemed at least vaguely aware of what had happened, confiding in one colleague that *Anti-Intellectualism* failed to turn out as he had intended, and that the book wrote him more than he had written it. That so much of the paranoid style he found on the Goldwater right eventually turned up, with different delusions, in the late 1960s New Left was, for Hofstadter, a source not of vindication, but of gloom.

It was thus all the more remarkable, and all the more to Hofstadter's credit, that he refused to surrender to that gloom, and instead turned his prickly mind, with a certain sympathy, to the issues roiling the latest generation of American rebels. *American Violence*, a documentary history he compiled with his radical graduate student Michael Wallace, treated at length the seemingly singular American propensity for violent conflict, seeing it as both an outgrowth of and a limitation to his earlier considerations of mainstream political consensus, while he skewered glib diagnoses of American culture as inherently sick or depraved. Having signed on with Knopf to write a multi-volume history of the United States, he began by drafting chapters of *America at 1750*, in which he turned early on to the dark topics of white indentured servitude, the slave trade, and black slavery. Although still impressed with how quickly, overall, colonial America had become what he called "a middle-class world," he pushed himself to look beyond that world to the death and suffering that helped create and sustain it.

It was a poignant piece of writing, in more ways than one. In a chapter on the Great Awakening, Hofstadter paused over the fate of Jonathan Edwards, who in 1758 was named president of the College of New Jersey, today's Princeton University:

> He accepted the invitation, but
> shortly after reaching Princeton he
> was inoculated against smallpox,
> took the inoculation badly, and died
> before he could take up his duties.
> At the end he was puzzled by the
> irrationality of it all—that God
> should have called him to this role
> and then left him no time to fill it.

By the time he composed those sentences, Hofstadter had serious intimations that he was gravely ill, his writing once again serving as a refuge. He died in October 1970. *America at 1750*, compelling even though incomplete, was published the following year.

VI.

THE NEW YORK TIMES'S strange and grudgingly respectful obituary for Hofstadter elicited a strong rebuttal from Lionel Trilling, one of what can only be a handful of published letters to the editor ever to complain about a death notice. Far from the nondescript, methodical academic whom the *Times* described, Trilling said, Hofstadter was "one of the most clearly defined persons I have ever known … an enchanting companion, almost memorably funny," who also "was notable for his openness not alone to ideas but also to people of all kinds." Not the least of the pleasures in David Brown's book are its anecdotal affirmations of Trilling's judgment, recalling Hofstadter's lifelong gift for mimicry (he did a dead-on FDR, and some friends actually encouraged him to take his talent on stage) as well as his skeptical ribbing, and sometimes scolding, of the New York intellectuals and one of their chief intellectual outlets (which he called "The New York Review of Each Others' Books").

The place of Hofstadter's scholarship in American historiography is, by contrast, assured—and, fittingly, paradoxical. Inside the academy, much of his work, even the very best of it, has come to seem, as Alan Brinkley once wrote of *The Age of Reform*, "something of a relic." Attacked by professional historians as often as they are praised—for their partiality, their misguided social scientific categories, their preoccupation with political leaders—Hofstadter's books undeniably bear the mark of their times, with all of the attendant limitations. Yet he has had an enduring impact on historical scholarship, as well as on more general understandings of American history. Many of his specific interpretations may now be insupportable, but his influence is inescapable. No scholar did more to free American history from the stultifying dualisms of the Progressive generation, and to validate that history's complexity. His example is a standing invitation to historical intelligence, extended to a wide audience of readers far beyond professors and their students.

Hofstadter's basic attitude toward studying the past, as much as his stylish writing, also remains worth emulating. A committed liberal, Hofstadter dedicated himself to exposing liberalism's historical flaws and its self-defeating lures and snares. A man of moral conviction, he forswore cheerleading, not simply because doing so would spoil any understanding of history, but because it ill served the ideals and standards he held most dear, including intellectual freedom and unsparing candor. Hofstadter's detractors (as well as pundits on the right who would like to claim him for themselves) have sometimes described his mature intellectual stance as "neo-conservative." This is wrong. His attitude, neither liberal nor conservative, was one of humility, based on an appreciation of human frailty and folly, and a recognition that history is more tragedy than melodrama. ■

December 7, 1982: Charles Brooks

Huntsville, Texas

Before the first lethal injection, doctors decided
it violates the Hippocratic Oath,
so *technicians* got the job. Physicians confided
that *it can take hours and be a real bloodbath.*
It's not like a tetanus shot; if you miss the vein,
it's *excruciating.* Witnesses watched as Brooks,
in gold pants, brown shirt open to the waist,
lay on a gurney, restrained by six straps. He took
a long deep yawn. Two needles in his arm,
blood splatters on the sheet. He *wheezed, gasped*: death
did not appear to be painless.

First, do no harm
the papers would read the next day. In Brooks' last breaths
he prayed *I bear witness there is no God*
but Allah. Unto Allah do we belong.

JILL McDONOUGH

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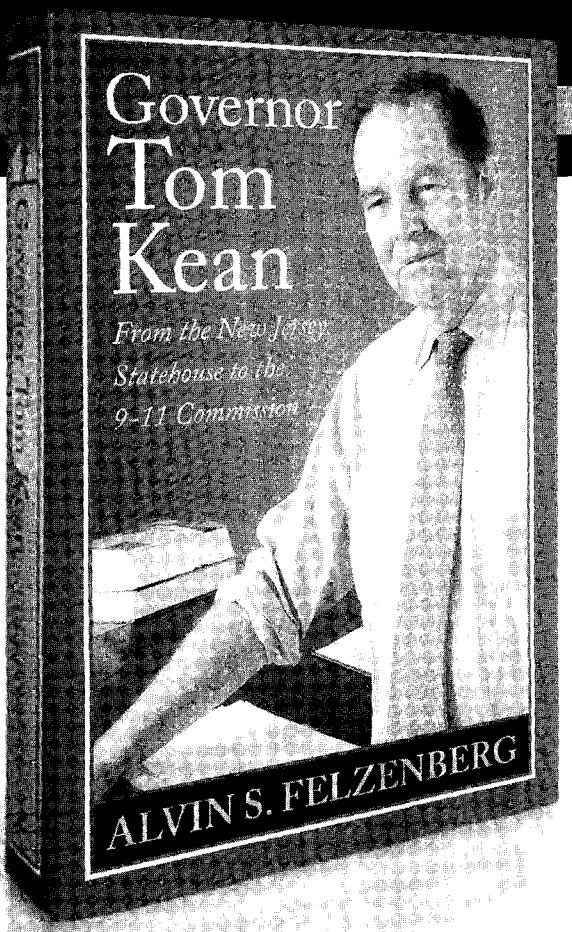
"This is must-reading for anyone who wants to know how politics really works."



"Tom's demonstrated commitment to bipartisanship and fact-finding uniquely qualified him to chair the 9/11 Commission, a task he carried out with his customary fairness and effectiveness...He is a wonderful man and a genuine patriot, and I am grateful Al Felzenberg's fine biography does justice to Governor Kean's outstanding legacy."

—*President Bill Clinton*

"Many of the great changes in public policy over the last quarter-century have been produced not in Washington but in the states. Thomas Kean, as governor of New Jersey in the 1980s, was one of those who produced great changes. Later, as chairman of the 9-11 Commission, Kean was a major shaper of national intelligence policy as well. Al Felzenberg, who knows Kean well, vividly tells the fascinating story of this patrician politician, whose career has ramifications far beyond New Jersey."

—*Michael Barone*, U.S. News & World Report *and coauthor of* The Almanac of American Politics

"Al Felzenberg has written a first-class biography of a first-class public servant. Tom Kean has contributed his entire professional career to public life but perhaps his greatest accomplishment is his latest. With grace, wisdom, and purpose, he led the bipartisan 9/11 Commission to produce a report of such force and clarity that it surely will be viewed by history as a major contribution to the security of the American people."

—*U.S. Senator Joe Lieberman*

"Governor Kean was in many respects an exemplar of Republican independence. Courted and admired by Presidents Nixon and Reagan, but always, as author Felzenberg describes, maintaining just the remove from partisan politics required to make him a national figure, keynoter at a Republican Convention and, finally, president of Drew University. It is all told here, with intelligence and insight, supremely informed, supremely readable."

—*William F. Buckley, Jr., Editor-at-Large,* National Review

"Tom Kean is one of the valuable and rare politicians who can rise above partisanship to lead based on values. Al Felzenberg, in this carefully researched and vividly written biography, shows how as New Jersey's governor, Kean was able to forge an enlightened consensus on issues such as education and the environment. It was a mix of vision and wisdom that served him, and the world, so well when he was tapped to chair the 9-11 Commission."

—*Walter Isaacson, author of* Benjamin Franklin: An American Life *and coauthor of* The Wise Men: Six Friends and the World They Made.

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Benny Morris
Alms and Arms

HAMAS: POLITICS, CHARITY, AND TERRORISM IN THE SERVICE OF JIHAD
By Matthew Levitt
(Yale University Press, 324 pp., $26)

IN A WAY, THE WORLD'S ISLAMIST movements are frank and honest. They wish, and they say that they wish, to install theocratic rule and promote the dominance of Muslim religious mores, ridding their world of any hint of that cluster of secular, democratic, and liberal values that Western civilization has progressively adopted over the past four or five centuries. No guile there.

But on another level, these movements, at least in their contemporary Middle Eastern efflorescence, are characterized by a multi-layered culture of deceit. I am not referring to the concrete operational deceit of a suicide bomber pretending to be a backpacking tourist or a devout Jew as he boards a train in Madrid or a bus in Jerusalem. I have in mind a larger and more systematic deception. These movements loudly trumpet the demand for the political "liberation" of Western-occupied lands—Iraq, Afghanistan, and Palestine. But in fact they are united in wishing the extirpation of all Western influence ("pollution," in their jargon) from the sacred Islamic lands, stretching from Pakistan to the Atlantic Ocean: all Western music and cinema and books, all Western companies, all Westerners—in short, all modernity and all liberalism, all of what the West stands for.

And it goes further than that. Here and there you will hear imams, when preaching in Arabic, demanding the "return" of all former Islamic territories—"Andalus" (Spain and Portugal), southern France, the Balkans as far north as Hungary and Austria—for it is a basic tenet of Islam that any land conquered for the faith remains rightfully, in perpetuity, sacred Islamic land (*Dar Al Islam*). And beyond this realm lies the rest of the world, the "Land of War" (*Dar Al Harb*)—territory that is fair game for conquest and must yet be conquered or converted to Islam. And *this*, ultimately, is what the Islamists—who believe that theirs alone is the true path—want: the whole world under the aegis of Allah. They see this world as in perpetual conflict between the forces of light and darkness, and believe that the forces of light will ultimately prevail. Osama bin Laden occasionally says as much. But most Islamist preachers merely hint at their apocalyptic agenda. First things first, they say.

For many or most Islamists, Iraq, Afghanistan, and Palestine are merely Stage One. A "clash of civilizations" is precisely how they perceive what is going on—and not merely in the "occupied" countries or even in the immediate outer ring of Saudi Arabia and Egypt and Morocco, but also in France's suburbs and in Leeds and in Madrid, and in Sarajevo, the southern Philippines, southern Thailand, Nigeria, Sudan. Ask the lawyer who recently shot five "secularist" judges in Turkey; ask the assassin who a few years ago stabbed to death Theo van Gogh, a documentary movie producer in Amsterdam; ask the rioters in Nigeria who killed hundreds and burned down streets because of a beauty pageant. But in public, in the West, when they speak to journalists, the Islamists prefer to speak only of "Iraq, Afghanistan, Palestine."

In this thicket of deceit, Islamists present Muslims always as victims, never as perpetrators. (When has there ever been a community with such a litany of grievances?) And they have read the West well, especially Western Europe, with its gnawing discontents, its guilty conscience over a colonial past, its burgeoning Muslim populations, its thirst for oil, its distaste for war, and, yes, its anti-Semitism. The Islamists, perhaps accurately, see the West as weak—and they exploit every fissure and crevice, every greed and appetite, every self-flagellating impulse. And as they privately snicker in their back rooms, they are busy taking the West for a ride: they laugh as the West beats itself over every dead Iraqi (the vast majority of the killings in Iraq are committed by Muslims against fellow Muslims, not by Westerners), and over every impoverished Afghan or Palestinian child (impoverished because their societies and economies have failed to develop, largely for internal reasons, beyond opium production and living on U.N. handouts), and over every human rights abuse to which some Muslims are subject in Guantánamo and Britain and the United States (when these pale in comparison with those perpetrated in every hour of every day in Sudan, Egypt, Syria, Yemen, Iran, and Saudi Arabia).

MATTHEW LEVITT'S ENLIGHTening book focuses on one group of Islamists, the Palestinian Hamas (which is an acronym for *Harakat al-Muqawama al-Islamiya*, or Islamic Resistance Movement), and on two aspects of the mendacity that lies at its core: the uses that Hamas makes of its *dawa*—propagation of the faith—activities, including its social welfare programs (free kindergartens, food for the poor, free medical services), as both a cover for and a means of furthering its political and military designs, which are to install a theocratic regime in all of Palestine and to destroy Israel; and its foreign fund-raising activities, which are designed to deceive Westerners into believing that they are furthering humanitarian aims while in fact they are facilitating both the *dawa* and the terrorism.

Hamas was created in 1987–1988 out of the Islamic Association, which was the Gazan front organization of the Muslim Brotherhood, the fundamentalist political party set up by Sheikh Hassan Al Banna in Egypt in 1928. The party, which assassinated the Egyptian prime minister Mahmud Fahmi al-Nuqrashi in December 1948 (and through one of its offshoots also murdered Anwar Sadat in 1981) was suppressed by successive Egyptian governments between 1948 and 1967, but enjoyed a revival during the first years of the Israeli occupation of the territories. Its leader in the Palestinian territories was Sheikh Ahmad Yassin, a charismatic and wily quadriplegic refugee from Majdal (today Ashkelon) in southern Israel.

During the 1970s and the 1980s, the Islamic Association took control of various Muslim Trust (or *waqf*) institutions, including Gaza's Islamic University and

Benny Morris, a professor of Middle East history at Ben-Gurion University, is the author, most recently, of THE BIRTH OF THE PALESTINIAN REFUGEE PROBLEM REVISITED *(Cambridge University Press).*

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dozens of mosques, and set up a private welfare system that included kindergartens, schools, and medical clinics. Yassin nominally steered the association clear of politics, concentrating instead on his social and economic base—though in the early 1980s the association clandestinely began acquiring arms. The incipient military organization was crushed by the Shin Bet, Israel's internal security service, and for a while the association reverted to do-gooding.

But with the outbreak of the first intifada in December 1987, Hamas emerged like a butterfly from the cocoon of the Muslim Brotherhood. Several clandestine armed squads recruited earlier by Salah Shehadeh served as the core of Hamas's military wing, the Izz al-Din al-Qassam Brigades (named after a Muslim preacher and terrorist leader in Haifa killed by the British in 1935). During the first intifada, Hamas led many of the street demonstrations, and also engaged in small terrorist operations. By the time of the second intifada in 2000, Hamas was larger and better organized, and it led the way in the intensified suicide-bombing campaigns against large Israeli civilian targets, such as buses and restaurants. Shehadeh and Yassin (and several of their successors) were killed by the IDF and Shin Bet in the course of the second intifada, but the movement's popularity and lethality grew apace, until it won a plurality in the Palestinian elections in January 2006.

LEVITT HAS WRITTEN A TIMELY and useful book, but before dealing with its central points, it is worth recounting a story that illustrates the nature of the people who are the object of his study. In January 2004, the first woman Hamas suicide bomber, Rim Salih al-Rayashi, a mother of two, blew herself up at the Erez checkpoint at the northern edge of the Gaza Strip. Afterward, as is their wont, Hamas broadcast a video "living will" in which she appeared, appropriately accoutered with Kalashnikov, Koranic slogans, a map of Palestine, and green articles of clothing. On the tape she declares that since second grade she has aspired to become a suicide bomber: "I have always wished ... that my body would be shrapnel that tear the sons of Zion and to knock the door of heaven with the skulls of the sons of Zion.... I have always told myself: be filled with every possible grudge for the Jews, the enemies of your religion, and make your blood a road leading to paradise."

As it turned out, however, the whole moving speech was a fake. It was "scripted and choreographed," Levitt proposes, by Rayashi's handlers. Israeli investigators found no evidence of her early radicalization, and that she had been, in Levitt's phrase, "coerced into carrying out the attack as a gesture of repentance for committing adultery against her husband, a Hamas member." Hamas probably hoped that the video would be of use in recruiting and radicalizing children (or women), two of the movement's target groups. Waste not, want not.

LEVITT LAYS OUT BEFORE HIS reader—a bit repetitiously—the mechanics of the *dawa* and the uses to which it is put. To begin with, Hamas uses its social programs to garner popular support in its march toward power. Most people will acknowledge this as inoffensive: why shouldn't philanthrophy earn political rewards? But Hamas does not confine its philanthrophy to politics. It puts its *dawa* personnel and facilities also to terrorist uses. Hospitals, mosques, and kindergartens are employed to hide weapons and bombs; cars and houses are used to ferry and hide fugitives; funds for terrorism are laundered and channeled through charities and social organizations. And the workers employed in these *dawa* organizations sometimes wear two hats, the clandestine one being that of terrorist recruiters and organizers.

In this sense, Levitt is right to speak of Hamas as a single seamless organization whose parts are inseparable. Hamas's leaders speak this way, too. Mahmoud Zahar, the new Hamas government's foreign minister, has declared that "Hamas responds to all questions related to the life of the citizens not only in case of confrontation but also in the political, economic, social, health, and internal relations fields. This movement has proved that it is one organic unit. Mistaken is the one who thinks that the military wing acts outside the framework of Hamas or behaves recklessly." Contrary to Hamas's sympathizers, who relentlessly press to distinguish between the good and the bad in the Palestinians' new representatives, this is absolutely correct. As David Aufhauser, former general counsel to the U.S. Treasury Department, put it, it is "sophistry" to suggest a distinction between Hamas's charitable branches and its terrorist and military ones.

Levitt is deputy assistant secretary for intelligence and analysis in the Treasury Department and a former FBI analyst, and by dint of his official connections he has been able to make lavish use of American intelligence reports. (He also appears to have been given access to a great deal of Israeli intelligence material, including transcripts of interrogations of would-be suicide bombers, and to Palestinian Authority intelligence reports, the latter probably indirectly, via the American administration or Israel.) Levitt describes the nuts and bolts of the unitary character of Hamas, the inseparability of its social works from its terrorist violence. He shows that Hamas-run or Hamas-aligned teaching institutions, from kindergarten to university, all teach virulent hatred of Israel and the Jews (and the West). They also provide the Izz al-Din al-Qassam Brigades with their manpower. In 2001, in a graduation ceremony for forty-one Gaza kindergartens, a five-year-old girl dipped her hand in red paint to mimic admiringly "the bloodied hands Palestinians proudly displayed after the lynching of two Israeli [reservists] in Ramallah." A poll in Gaza at the time found that 73 percent of children aged nine to sixteen hoped to become martyrs. The charitable "Al Aqsa Intifada Martyrs Summer Camp" hosted by Hamas in 2003 combined recreation with "radical indoctrination," which included small-arms training and pictures and biographies of suicide martyrs lavishly dispersed on wall surfaces. Nablus's Al Najah University has been described by Hamas itself as "a greenhouse for martyrs."

But the *dawa*'s terrorism-related activities are not limited to indoctrination and propaganda, though these have been crucial in raising a generation of Palestinian suicide-murderers. In his interrogation by Israeli security men in summer

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2002, Mustafa Amjad, a doctor at al-Razi Hospital in Jenin, confessed to helping terrorists enter Israel. He was recruited by Hamas and worked for a hospital affiliated with a Hamas charity. In a Hamas kindergarten in the Shati refugee camp in Gaza, Palestinian security men found hidden thirty-two kilograms of explosives, according to Palestinian security chief Jibril Rajoub. Two members of a Jenin charity organization board, Jamal Abd al-Shamal Abu Hija and Ibrahim Hassan Ali Jaber, helped to plan terrorist attacks and to transport terrorists into Israel, according to Israeli authorities cited by Levitt. Another man, Nahed Rashid Ahmed Attalah, the director of food supplies for Gaza refugees with UNRWA, confessed to using U.N. vehicles to transport arms and terrorists. The Hamas-linked Charity and Contribution Committee of Ramallah-al-Bireh regularly provided funds for the families of suicide bombers, while Abd al-Khaliq al Natsheh, who headed the Hebron Islamic Charitable Society, was jailed for recruiting terrorists. The Hamas-affiliated Jihad Mosque in Hebron had a soccer team that carried out five terrorist operations in the first half of 2003, before the scorers (shooters?) were apprehended.

A similar duplicity informs much of Hamas's overseas fund-raising, which is ostensibly earmarked for good works among a needy population but is in fact also a channel for funding Izz al-Din al-Qassam operations. Terrorist attacks, as Levitt notes, are often expensive. An M-16 A2 assault rifle costs $6,642; bullets for an AK-47 cost $2.20 apiece; a stolen vehicle costs $656 to $1,550. Salah Shehadeh once estimated that operations cost $3,500 to $50,000 each. The bombing at the Hebrew University cafeteria in July 2002 was said by a Jordanian Islamist to have cost $50,000. So a parallel "economic jihad" was necessary to provide the funds. Levitt provides many details of the charitable organizations that raised the money, mainly in the West, and the mechanisms through which it was moved to the occupied territories. He also details the contributions of and from the various Arab states (mainly Iraq, Sudan, and Saudi Arabia).

A great deal of this charity-bound money reached Hamas fighters' families (those of Fatah seem to have done rather poorly), thus helping to motivate young Palestinians from poor families to carry out attacks. The Ramallah-al-Bireh branch of the Islah Charitable Society, a Hamas front, in November and December 2000 paid out $4,990 to martyrs' families, $16,257 to prisoners, and $17,275 to prisoners' families, according to documents captured by Israel and cited by Levitt. Follow-up monthly stipends for the families are also standard practice, apparently. And there are special one-time dispensations on holidays.

Over the years Hamas has abjured attacks on Western countries, saying that it limits its activities to "Palestine." It has not, in Levitt's phrase, "joined al-Qaeda's global jihad." Indeed, some of its leaders mildly condemned the attacks of September 11. But expressions by Hamas leaders of hatred of America and everything American are legion, and Levitt plausibly questions "whether Hamas's local focus will continue." When the space shuttle Columbia exploded in 2003, the Hamas leader Abdel Aziz al-Rantisi, briefly Yassin's successor, remarked that "it is reasonable to assume [it was] part of the divine punishment of America ... because of their massacres of Muslims, the destruction of their lives, the humiliation of their honor, and their desire to globalize corruption." He later added: "We say to the Muslim people of Iraq, we are with you in your struggle against American terror and destruction, we are with you in your war in defense of Islam.... Hamas stands by your side and blesses your Jihad."

Rantisi was later killed by the Israeli Defense Forces, but his sentiments are common among the Palestinian people's new leadership. If Hamas ever achieves its political goals, or perhaps even before then, its cadres may be expected to roam the earth and kill in the name of global jihad. Hamas's founding charter defines in Article Five the movement's "dimensions of time and space," its sphere of interest and operations, in this way: "Its ultimate goal is Islam.... Its special-dimension extends wherever on earth there are Muslims.... Thus it penetrates to the deepest reaches of the land and to the highest spheres of Heavens." Article Seven declares that "the Movement is ... universal."

So will Hamas change? Some in Israel and many in the West are hopeful, even optimistic, that it will. Power, they say, will breed responsibility, and pragmatism, and moderation; international pressure will bend Hamas. And Hamas leaders have been obliging, at least tactically: they speak occasionally of an extended truce, if Israel withdraws completely from the West Bank and East Jerusalem, releases all Palestinian prisoners, and recognizes and accepts Palestinian rights, including the "right of return." They sometimes say that they are willing to talk with Israelis, if it will help to solve specific Palestinian problems.

But on the big things, the strategic things, the ideological things, they have so far been unwilling to budge, and the movement's history gives no reason to believe that they will, at least if their leaders' statements are anything to go by. Mahmoud Zahar recently said that the movement will never change "a single word" of its guiding principles or its founding charter. In this regard, the Hamas leaders have been supremely honest and forthright. And so the charter, or Covenant of Hamas, the movement's constitution and platform, finalized in August 1988, is worth quoting, and remembering. Here are some excerpts:

> In the Name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate ... the People of the Scripture [i.e., Jews and Christians] ... most of them are evil-doers....
>
> Israel will ... remain ... until Islam eliminates it.... [Hamas] strives to raise the banner of Allah over every inch of Palestine.... [Salvation] will not come until Muslims will fight the Jews (and kill them); until the Jews hide behind rocks and trees, which will cry: O Muslim! There is a Jew hiding behind me, come on and kill him! ... [Hamas] believes that the land of Palestine has been an Islamic Waqf [sacred trust] throughout the generations and until the Day of Resurrection, no one can renounce it or part of it ... as long as Heaven and earth last.... Hamas regards Nationalism (Wataniyya) as part and parcel of the religious faith. Nothing is loftier ... than waging Jihad against the enemy.... [Peace] initiatives, the so-called peaceful solutions, and the international conferences to resolve the Palestinian problem, are all contrary to the beliefs of [Hamas]. For renouncing any part of Palestine means renouncing part of the religion.... There is no solution to the Palestinian problem except by Jihad.... When our enemies usurp some Islamic lands, Jihad becomes a duty binding on all Muslims....

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> I indeed wish to go to war for the sake of Allah! I will assault and kill, assault and kill, assault and kill....

In Article 17, under "The Role of Muslim Women," the charter states:

> The enemies have understood that role [and] therefore they realize that if they can guide and educate [the Muslim women] in a way that would distance them from Islam, they would have won that war. Therefore, you can see them making consistent efforts [in that direction] by way of publicity and movies, curricula of education and culture, using as their intermediaries their craftsmen who are part of the various Zionist Organizations which take on all sorts of names and shapes such as: the Freemasons, Rotary Clubs, gangs of spies and the like.... These Zionist organizations control vast material resources.... Islam ... will wipe out those organizations which are the enemy of humanity and Islam.

Rotarians and Masons had better watch out.

Hamas's view of the Jews is clearly stated in Article 22:

> The enemies have been scheming for a long time.... They took advantage of key-elements in unfolding events, and accumulated a huge and influential material wealth which they put to the service of implementing their dream. This wealth [permitted them to] take over control of the world media such as news agencies, the press, publication houses, broadcasting and the like. [They also used this] wealth to stir revolutions.... They stood behind the French and the Communist Revolutions and behind most of the revolutions we hear about here and there.... They obtained the Balfour Declaration and established the League of Nations in order to rule the world.... They also stood behind World War II, where they collected immense benefits from trading with war materials.... They inspired the establishment of the United Nations and the Security Council to replace the League of Nations.... There was no war that broke out anywhere without their fingerprints on it.

Article 28 relates more directly to Zionism: "Freemasons, Rotary Clubs, Lions, and other spying associations ... act for the interests of Zionism and under its directions, strive to demolish societies, to destroy values, to wreck answerableness, to totter virtues and to wipe out Islam. It stands behind the diffusion of drugs and toxics of all kinds in order to facilitate its control and expansion." Article 32 states that "they will covet expansion from the Nile to the Euphrates ... Their scheme has been laid out in the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, and their present [conduct] is the best proof of what is said there." As to Palestine, Article 34 instructs that "the greedy have coveted [it] more than once.... Multitudes of Crusades descended upon it ... waving their Cross.... [Then it was liberated] by Jihad under ... Saladin.... This is the only way.... Only iron can blunt iron, only the true faith of Islam can vanquish their false and falsified faith."

And yet, at the same time, the movement that champions the views just cited can proclaim, in Article 31, that "Hamas is a humane movement, which cares for human rights and is committed to the tolerance inherent in Islam.... Under the shadow of Islam it is possible for the members of the three religions: Islam, Christianity and Judaism to coexist in safety and security." If this is not deceit, I don't know what is. ■

CORRESPONDENCE

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strategic assessments and serve as a catalyst for such work throughout the IC. The National Intelligence Strategy, issued in October 2005, also underscores the DNI's commitment to ensuring the IC has the ability to "anticipate developments of strategic concern and identify opportunities as well as vulnerabilities for decision-makers."

Finally, neither I nor any single individual within the DNI's staff compiles the president's daily briefing, as Ackerman implies. In his capacity as principal intelligence adviser to the president—as defined by the IRTPA—the DNI is responsible for the president's daily briefing, but assessments are prepared by analysts from all analytic units in the IC under the direction of a multi-agency editorial board. This is an important change from the process that existed prior to the 2004 legislation, when the CIA had the sole responsibility for the contents of the briefing. The new process helps to ensure the president and other senior administration officials receive the best possible analysis. The DNI is committed to enhancing the analytic capabilities of the IC to include improving its ability to assess long-term threats and issues of strategic concern.

THOMAS FINGAR
Deputy Director of National Intelligence for Analysis
Washington, D.C.

SPENCER ACKERMAN RESPONDS: Thomas Fingar earned a great reputation as a longtime analyst and strategic thinker with the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research. That's why it's so disturbing to read that he thinks the intelligence community is getting better, not worse, at privileging long-term forecasting over short-term demand since passage of the IRTPA. My story reported, among other things, that recently departed NIC veterans and senior analysts see the bureaucratic changes Fingar describes as exacerbating the problem rather than alleviating it. One such official, whom I didn't quote, recently told the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence that the war on terrorism "just sucks energy into doing something in the here and now. It will require a greater deal of discipline to pull resources and psychic energy away from that and focus it on something that's important but not urgent." That official is General Michael Hayden, who testified to precisely the points made in my piece during his confirmation hearing to lead the CIA.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

"Jack in the Box" (June 26) mistakenly said that Democratic Whip Steny Hoyer supported the Central American Free Trade Agreement. He did not. Also, Representative Jack Murtha did not oppose the 2005 bankruptcy reform bill; like Hoyer, Murtha voted for the bill.

"Groups and Genes" (June 26) mistakenly claimed that the sickle-cell gene leads to malaria resistance in homozygotes and anemia in heterozygotes. In fact, heterozygotes are resistant to malaria while homozygotes have sickle-cell anemia.

"Binge and Purge" (June 19) mistakenly misspelled the name of an author, Rick Perlstein. We regret the errors. ■

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FALLUJA DIARIST

Food Fight

MOST OF THE MILITARY'S Meals, Ready-to-Eat (MREs) have simple, literal names—Hamburger Patty, Beef Stew, Cheese Tortellini. But there is one that is, well, a little different: Country Captain Chicken. One of General George Patton's favorite recipes, the dish features chicken breasts in a tomato sauce flavored with currants. Long after Patton's death, as the story goes, another general told the Natick Soldier Center, which oversees the military's ration program, that it ought to honor the legendary commander by making Country Captain Chicken into an MRE. So MRE-makers cooked up a prototype of the dish and tested it with soldiers. The Joes liked it. At first. "Our war-fighters gave it a thumbs up; it scored very high," Gerald Darsch, the Defense Department's director of combat feeding, told me. "But, within several years, it began to rate on the low end."

WHAT HAPPENED? COUNTRY CAPTAIN Chicken got a reputation. During the initial invasion of Iraq, when I was embedded with the 101st Airborne Division, soldiers were fighting over the Hamburger Patty, but they left Country Captain for the reporters. "Country Captain Chicken," a young specialist told me, "will make you gay." Always the quick one, I answered: "Not that there is anything wrong with it." The specialist gave me a blank look. What is more disturbing? The obvious bigotry toward the Country Captain or the ignorance of "Seinfeld" by the young grunts? Don't ask, don't tell.

IN THE MIDDLE OF A WAR, SOMETHING as simple as precooked, extremely shelf-stable food can be fraught with meaning. Napoleon famously said an army moves on its stomach. That remains true, but the U.S. Army also expresses its anxieties through its stomach, or at least through what it puts in there. It is difficult for soldiers in Iraq to discuss the war in a substantive way. Debating the larger mission puts one's focus—and therefore, potentially, one's life—at risk. So, instead, the intense discussions center on food. And, when things go wrong, sometimes the impulse is not to blame the overall strategy, but the MREs.

INSIDE MANY MREs IS A PACKAGE OF rainbow-colored hard candies, a sort of knockoff Lifesaver, called Charms. Most get thrown away. Even before the Iraq invasion, Charms were known to cause bad luck. If a young private was so naïve as to eat the Charms, tank treads would come off or Humvees would run out of gas. But, by the third year of the war, the effects of the candy have become far more sinister: Charms, it is said, set off improvised explosive devices.

OF COURSE, SOLDIERS IN IRAQ DO NOT eat MREs that much anymore. Most meals are taken in the giant DFACS—Army shorthand for dining facilities—run by Halliburton subsidiary Kellogg Brown & Root. The offerings are very heavy on comfort food. Some dining halls offer pasta bars, fried chicken, ice cream sundaes, and a half-dozen different cakes for every meal. For some soldiers who spend their days patrolling the streets waiting to get blown up by a roadside bomb, their mac and cheese is the only break from the stress. And so it is no wonder that the military has begun studying weight-gain by soldiers in Iraq. Now all troops must fight their own battle of the bulge.

FOR THE RECORD, THE ARMY SAYS THE soldiers of the 101st were mistaken. "I don't think the currants we put in Country Captain Chicken have any metabolic effect that would change your preference, sexually," Darsch claims. Darsch also disputed the claim that Charms will set off roadside bombs at inopportune times. Furthermore, he absolutely insisted that there is nothing in MREs that causes constipation. No one believes that one.

INTERESTINGLY, IT IS NOT JUST AMERIcans soldiers who suffer from food anxieties. Last year, I spent time with an Iraqi brigade based in Falluja. The Iraqi Ministry of Defense's logistics ability is so poor that the soldiers got only one meal a day from the military, and it arrived in the dirtiest, most disgusting coolers I have ever seen. Which is one reason Iraqi soldiers, called *jundi*, love MREs. The U.S. military makes a full line of tasty halal and kosher meals that follow the strict dietary rules of Islam and Judaism. Of course, the other guy's lunch always looks better. So, no surprise, Iraqi soldiers are always trying to trade the halal MREs for the real thing.

THE WORRY FOR THE IRAQIS, HOWEVER, is pork. During a daylong march through the desert with a dozen *jundi*, an American military trainer, and an Iraqi translator, we stopped for lunch in the shade of a Marine Corps Amphibious Assault Vehicle. As I ate the Old World Stew, an excellent Halal meal, I watched as the translator waved a *jundi* off of Pork Spare Ribs and directed him to the Manicotti. Only problem was, he wasn't familiar with the ingredients of every American classic. When I finished my stew, I moved over to interview another group of *jundi* who were eagerly devouring another MRE. "Good, very good," said one of the *jundi*. "What this?" I looked at the label: Ham and Shrimp Jambalaya.

WHAT TO DO? IF I TOLD THEM IT HAD pork, I imagined they would feel compelled to spit it out. Then they would feel guilty about eating it and about insulting American food. But, if I let them continue to eat the jambalaya, would I be sentencing them to an eternity in hell? I decided to take the easy way out. "Jambalaya," I told the Iraqis. "It is one of the best. Good, very good." Back at home, a little lazy Internet research revealed that perhaps I had done the right thing. Allah, apparently, is forgiving if a Muslim eats pork unintentionally.

LUCKILY, I MAY HAVE BEEN THE LAST military correspondent faced with the dilemma of *jundi* and jambalaya. The military is unveiling new menu items including Chili, Meatballs, and Chicken and Dumplings, the kind of comfort food that can soothe anxious soldiers. To make room, Jambalaya will be eliminated next year. Already gone, as of last year: Country Captain Chicken. No longer will hungry soldiers stuck with one last MRE in the box have to choose between starving or having a delightful meal that risks violating Pentagon policy.

JULIAN E. BARNES

Julian E. Barnes is a Pentagon correspondent for the LOS ANGELES TIMES.

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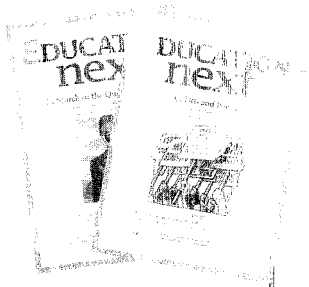

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School boards need to drive a harder bargain

You don't have to be a conspiracy theorist to wonder whether collective bargaining in education hasn't become something more like collusion. The best evidence to support that position may be the steady decline in labor unrest. Strikes by teachers have become increasingly rare since 1975, a high-water mark, when there were 241 nationwide. By 2004 there were just 15. Stakeholder groups, such as newspapers, civic leaders, business groups, and parents, need to rethink their belief that labor unrest is uniformly a sign of leadership failure and accept the fact that collective bargaining is an adversarial process. Established practices in negotiating teachers' compensation and the rules governing hiring, termination, and work routines need to come of age.

—Frederick M. Hess and Martin R. West

Keeping Out the Christians
Evangelical high schools meet public universities

Jordan Trivison's high school is engaged in a battle over whether students who attend Christian high schools will be given the same opportunity as their public-school counterparts to attend California's state universities. When Calvary Chapel Christian School approached the University of California's Board of Admissions and Relations with Schools with some new courses it wanted to offer, all courses were rejected. As one professor explained, there was nothing wrong scientifically with the proposed physics text book. She simply objected to its including a verse from scripture at the beginning of each chapter. Calvary Chapel sued, and because UC's action was perceived by many religious educators as a possible precedent for action elsewhere, the school was joined in its suit by an umbrella organization for four thousand Christian education institutions, the Association of Christian Schools International.

—Naomi Schaefer Riley

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